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JULY - SEPTEMBER, 1951.

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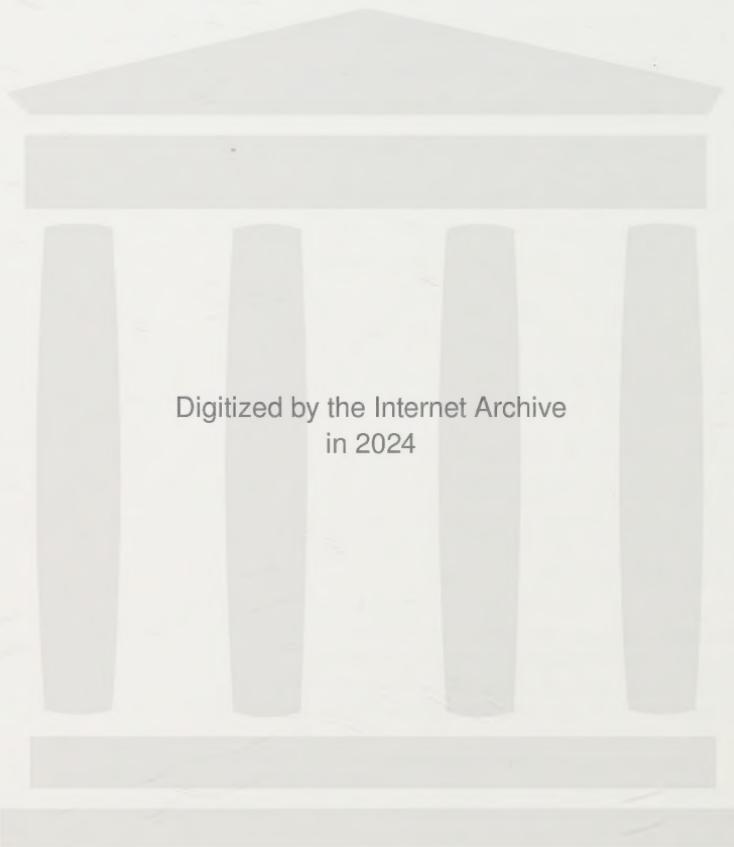
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THE
DUBLIN MAGAZINE

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SUNSET OVER GLENAAN.

By John Hewitt

As the vague sun that wrapped the mellow day
in a grey haze, hangs red, about to drop
behind the western mountain-rim, I stop
to name the peaks along their dark array,
for these are more than mountains shouldered clear
into the sharp star-pointed atmosphere,
into the sunset. They mark out and bound
the utmost limits of my chosen ground ;
beyond them, and beyond the heather and moss
that only lonely roads and shepherds cross,
lie the fat valleys of another folk
who swarmed and settled when the clansmen broke
and limped defeated to the woody glens.
These inland planter folk are skilled in toil,
their days, their holdings, so well husbanded,
economy has drilled the very soil
into a dulled prosperity that year
by reckoned year continues so ; but here
the people have such history of wars,
that every hill-top wears its cairn of dead
and ancient memories of turbulence,
clan names persisting in each rocky stead.
They take life easier on their hillside farms
with time to pause for talk, remembering
they'll be outlasted by the marching stars,
and, though there may be virtue still in charms,
no man dare be too sure of anything.

My breed is planter also. I can shew
 the grey and crooked headstones row on row
 in a rich country mastered long ago
 by stubborn farmers from across the sea,
 whose minds and hands were rich in husbandry,
 and who, when their slow blood was running thin,
 crowded in towns for warmth, and bred me in
 the clay-red city with the white horse on the wall,
 the jangling steeples, and the green-domed hall.
 Inheritor of these, I also share
 the nature of this legendary air,
 reaching a peace and speech I do not find
 familiarly among my kin and kind.

Maybe, at some dark level, grown aware
 of our old load of guilt, I shrink afraid,
 and seek the false truce of a renegade ;
 or is it that the unchristened heart of man
 still hankers for the little friendly clan
 that lives as native as the lark or hare ?
 And, though to keep my brain and body alive,
 I need the honey of the city hive,
 I also need for nurture of the heart,
 the rowanberries and the painted cart,
 the bell at noon, the scythesman in the corn,
 the cross of rushes, and the fairy thorn.

CAPTIVITY.

By Temple Lane.

Recall, my failing soul distrest !—
 A fettered child deprived of air—
 How heaven inverts its palimpsest
 On living-space serene and bare.
 Aeons of mountain, years of road
 Splay out for ever ; and you'll hear
 The clanking cart with easy load
 Three miles before it ambles near.

Tell me again with lifting head—
 My smothered soul, begin to breathe!—
 How old volcanic fires long dead
 Play round the cones that sunsets wreathè :
 And on the river four-miles-far,
 Reflective evening light will throw
 Old Knockmealdown beneath a star
 Head first into the afterglow.

Tell me again, as now you stir
 From paralysing lethargy
 To living elements of air
 And light and water, strong as sea—
 How in unpopulous reaches, by
 The household lights of one dim town,
 The dawns have etched—from this steel sky!—
 The river arches upside down !

And then remind me, having gained
 The will to hope from all of these,
 That few as I have caught and drained
 Pure beauty from a caged dis-ease :
 Or looked through cherry arms of snow,
 Watching above the suburb wall
 The earth-eclipse move past, to show
 The Moon's bland surface clear of all.

And sing how in the corridors
 Of other dwellings, dear and wide,
 Live thoughts may tiptoe on the floors
 Like ghosts of lovers side by side.
 And bricks and mortar killing me
 Dissolve like vapour in their place—
 Because the secret mind is free
 And owns the span of time and space.

SURSUM CORDA.

By Winifred Letts.

“Lift up your hearts.”
 How shall we lift them, Lord?
 Hag-haunted, Radio-ridden hearts,
 So scared to see the writing on the wall,
 Such leaden hearts as ours can only fall.

 We miss your code?
 We will not read your signs?
 Each day some message overlooked,—
 This slender iris, spearing to the light,
 Legions of snowdrops, frilled gay aconite?

 Life still renewed,
 The black East wind defied,
 The great tit’s challenge to the Spring,
 Are these your secret service, sight and sound?
 Do your battalions muster underground?

 Here’s Winter wheat,
 “Our daily bread” supplied.
 Here’s ripened seed for cradling earth.
 You who led wise men by an Eastern star
 Lift up these hearts, still burdened as they are.

BARRIERS.

By David Marcus.

Had we the least of nights to make amends
 For all the different ways we have to go,
 How quick we’d be to do as much, and so
 That least of nights we would be more than friends.

 But now between us is uncoiled a strand
 That either time or space can break asunder,
 And when a thought of you is all my wonder
 I know not where along it is your hand.

 This talk is lover’s talk—but it uncovers
 Storm-clouds of truth that harry us like rain;
 We might as well be vagabonds in Spain
 As be the way we are—the ghosts of lovers.

THE POETRY OF AE.

By John Eglinton

AE'S POETRY has been neglected since his death. Authoritative criticism has remained silent concerning it, and to his old friends it has seemed almost an impiety to enquire too closely into its merits or demerits. Yet this large body of verse, a fairly frequent subject for university "theses" in America and on the Continent, will certainly attract the attention of literary students in the future; indeed there has been more than one confident assertion of AE's real poetic eminence. Lecturing some time ago in Belfast, Lord Dunsany proclaimed his importance; and in AE's own lifetime, Yeats, on an occasion which I remember, began some disparaging remarks on the man personally, by saying deliberately, "I think he is a great poet."

It would, I believe, be more accurate to say of Russell that he was a great poetic spirit. Certainly, of all the interests and activities of this many-sided man, poetry was nearest to his heart. Within certain limits he was a great critic of poetry; with the advantage of his powerful memory he could range at will over everything he had read with any attention. I remember one remarkable display of his acquaintance with the poets, and of his powers of memory, when, at one of George Moore's gatherings, he had propounded the notion of an anthology of "the gay" in poetry, and produced a selection to which I think Shakespeare and Blake in their lyrics were found to be the main contributors.—Moore, by the way, evidently thought the idea one that should be turned to account when later on, with the help of his friends, he set about compiling his anthology of "Pure Poetry," which was not quite what Russell had meant.—There were, however, abrupt limitations to his infallibility as a critic. To purely literary art he was somewhat insensible. He could see nothing, for example, but commonplace reflections in Gray's *Elegy*.

Turning to his own poetry—did Russell ever write one perfect poem? Is there any one of his poems which leaps to the choice of an anthologist? Did he ever even, as Traherne did, record his exalted experiences in language which enables us to share it with him? Did he ever produce a poem which, as Matthew Arnold claimed to do even with Isaiah, we can "enjoy"? When we look down the long list of beautiful titles he has invented

for his poems, and turn to one of them, are we ever fully satisfied ? Take for instance, "A Summer Night." Here is certainly a poet sensible of the beauty and mystery of his theme ; but a poet must never forget his craft : he must "keep his eye on the object," to use the phrase of the early nineteenth century poets. Think of Keats listening to the nightingale in the woods at Hampstead ; he "cannot see what flowers are at his feet"; but how we are present with him when "the plaintive anthem fades up the hill side, and now 'tis buried deep in the next valley glades." In Russell's poem, on the other hand, there is neither time nor place. There are "jewels of glittering green"; "the little lives that lie deep-hid in grass"; the dews that "lift with grey fingers all the leaves"; lawns, lakes and stars—"far too many things," as the poet himself exclaims when he realizes that he is thinking of something quite different from the sounds and sights around him—how far apart we are from the "one single Being." It is otherwise with Russell when he is visited by some strong spiritual conviction, as in the great line :

"We must pass like smoke or live within the spirit's fire."

Besides this lack in Russell of the literary artist's objectivity there is the further hindrance to the general acceptance of his poetry in the peculiar beliefs which he made the main subject-matter of his poems. There is nothing particularly wrong with poetry having a "message," provided that the message is a source of inspiration to the poet. Wordsworth, Shelley had messages ; and Browning, though his message was often a heavy load for poetry to carry, could be objective enough, and he is always a man and a brother. This can hardly be said of AE, who seldom speaks to us with the voice of a brother man. The truth is that AE conceived himself to be more than a poet, as indeed he was ; he would have amazed the Lamas of Tibet by his insight into their mysteries, and—what more concerns us here—he was the modern hierophant of the Celtic otherworld. Matthew Arnold, in his *Treatise on the Study of Celtic Literature*, detecting, as he thought, a unique element in English poetry which he called "natural magic," had asked whence it could have come if not from Celtic sources ; and before him Emerson, in one of his poems, had written of "England's genius" as "taught by Plinlimmon's Druid power." There is little or none of this "natural magic" in AE's poetry, but of the magical religion of the Celt he was the fervent apostle. Theosophy had

been the main inspiration of his first little book *Homeward: Songs by the Way*, written before he had begun to think much about Ireland ; but later on, reading with passionate interest Standish O'Grady's history of Ireland's *Heroic Period*, the scales fell from his eyes, and he beheld the country of " those heavenly adventurers the Gael, ere to a far-brought alien worship they inclined ;" and no doubt, engendered by scholarship, withheld him from identifying the Druidic lore with the wisdom of the East. This new clairvoyance was extended to the so-called "animistic" beliefs of all primitive peoples—I think he excluded the Saxons and the Jews—to all those races which in their beginnings had recognized the great doctrine of the "divinity of Earth." Our earth, he firmly held, is a sacred Being, the Virgin Mother, "a goddess to whom men should pray."

" I look with sudden awe beneath my feet,
As you with erring reverence overhead."

In the air is its breath ; in its memory the very presence of ancient gods and heroes. There are specially favoured centres, he held, for this magical clairvoyance, and in Ireland was one of these.

The reader of AE's poems, then, needs to be deeply imbued with the conviction that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of by the philosophers. It should be remembered, however, that Russell was a very clever man, a keen follower of the progress of science, who could talk understandingly with eminent biologists and astronomers. It may even be that his beliefs, which he proclaimed with the most courageous conviction, may accord better than they seem to do at present with some future view of the universe. William James, in a passage in *Varieties of Religious Experience*, in which Russell found a welcome support, certainly thought that there was a promise for the religious future of mankind in the ideas of the German philosopher Fechner. It must be confessed, however, that in AE's idealism a "patriotic bias" is evident. A vague influence proceeded from it to a small but not negligible circle : it affected, I think, the mystical politics of P. H. Pearse, and reached even Arthur Griffith.

To AE what is ancient is almost what is divine ; the ignoble present is redeemed by its embodiment of the still-living past. This seems to be the theme of a beautiful poem, "Inheritance," written before his "Celtic" period :

As flow the rivers to the sea
 Adown from rocky hill or plain,
 A thousand ages toiled for thee
 And gave thee harvest of their gain ;
 And weary myriads of yore
 Dug out for thee earth's buried ore.

And all the old heart-sweetness sung,
 The joyous life of man and maid
 In forests when the earth was young,
 In rumours round your childhood strayed :
 The careless sweetness of your mind
 Comes from the buried years behind.

And not alone unto your birth
 Their gifts the weeping ages bore ;
 The old descents of God on earth
 Have dowered thee with celestial lore :
 So, wise, and filled with sad and gay
 You pass unto the further day.

On more than one occasion AE addressed a wide audience in his verse. During the first world war he was listened to by many when he contributed to the London *Times* his strange series of poems, afterwards collected in the little volume *Gods of War*, written in a spirit of lofty detachment. But perhaps the best known of all his poems is that with the title "On behalf of some Irishmen not followers of tradition," with its famous culminating line, "The golden heresy of truth." It brings to my mind an early poem called "Truth" (one "perfect poem," at any rate) which made me forever a believer in George Russell the poet :

The hero first thought it,
 To him 'twas a deed :
 To those who re-taught it,
 A chain on their speed.

The fire that we kindled,
A beacon by night,
When darkness has dwindled
Grows pale in the light.

For life has no glory
Stays long in one dwelling,
And time has no story
That's true twice in telling.

And only the teaching
That never was spoken
Is worthy thy reaching,
The fountain unbroken.

THE UNINVITED

TO A. J. LEVENTHAL

A Play in One Act and in Two Scenes

BY

ETHNA MacCARTHY

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

UNA	{	Three witches.
MIRABELLE		
GRIMALDA		
OLD NURSE		
PRINCE	{	Ancestors.
PRINCESS		
NUN		
SAILOR		
GAY LADY		
TOREADOR		
POET		
PADDY THE MUC		
CHILDREN		
OTHERS		
CAT		
PARROT		

SCENE I.

A forest-glade. Lighted castle on hill in background. Two witches—Una and Mirabelle—in conversation.

UNA : Come Mirabelle, our eagerness has pressed
us on too soon,
now let us rest
and wait the moon
and though the castle blooms with light,
topaz facetted against the night,
puzzling the fireflies with its saffron glow,
yet 'tis but right
these mortal guests should wait us
and humbly expectantly invoke
our presence there as fairy folk
bearing our precious gifts of magic,
so not too fast !
It would be tragic
if we were not last.

MIRABELLE : Yes, but did you hear a mew
as poignant as a child's first cry ?

UNA : A mew ? Not I—
Our precious cats are fast asleep,
warm and cossetted and far away.

MIRABELLE : But truth to tell
I don't think Snowdrop
has been very well
throughout this day.

Enter Grimalda.

GRIMALDA : Well ! I declare my own two sisters
loitering, consulting there in whispers,
adventuring like country maids in ditches,
armoured in darkness—yet afraid.
In sooth a sorry pair of witches !
What tryst attends you in this glade
that I should startle you,

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or is the moon too new
 to gather herbs to brew
 some foolish potion
 designed to snare a village oaf's devotion ?
 Rosemary, ragwort, rue and sage,
 dabbling in simples at your age,
 willows, like the local quack
 to cure the gnarled and creaking back
 of old rheumatics,
 since you both lack
 the brains to study mathematics,
 that cosmic key of wizardry.

UNA : Good heavens, here she is
 and not in very festive mood :
 when she is cross she can be very rude.
 Have we no simple spell
 to sooth her irritation
 and so stop
 this talk of education ?

MIRABELLE : Yes ! Snowdrop !
 She's very fond of cats
 and that's a lure
 she wont resist
 I'm sure.

(eagerly)
 Sister, Snowdrop is ill.
 You know how delicate she is,
 so highly bred,
 fragile as thistledown.
 Advise me for my heart is smitten.

GRIMALDA : You know quite well
 she is over-fed
 —and probably in kitten.
 A whey-faced, blue-eyed cat,
 but truth to tell
 most suitable familiar
 Mirabelle,
 scorned of black warriors like my Lucifer,
 a milksop and a sneak.

MIRABELLE : Indeed Grimalda he was round last week !

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GRIMALDA : Don't interrupt. It was not for her.
Of other things I wish to speak.
What are you plotting here,
old fashioned unhygienic crones ?
I see no newts or herbs or dead men's bones.
Your brooms are fresh with flying ointment,
where is the secret dark appointment ?

UNA : Grimalda you are so quick and wise

GRIMALDA : At least I've learnt to use my eyes,
and furthermore, thanks to my studies of nutrition,
kept them in excellent condition.
You've never heard of vitamins
and for your sins
half-blind must peer and prowl
from dusk, when I am dark-adapted like the owl,
and so this night will soon reveal
what you are trying to conceal,
with foolish chat
about a cat
(and such a stupid beast at that !).
Well sisters, are you listening ?
You may as well confess
your news.

UNA : We journey to a christening.

GRIMALDA : Whose ?

UNA : The young Princess

MIRABELLE : A pretty babe with golden hair
and heavenly azure eyes—like Snowdrop's !

GRIMALDA : All infant's eyes are blue
and so was Cyclops'
but she has two—
a nose, a mouth, four limbs ;
the usual inventory to bind
the parents to her whims.

MIRABELLE : But little nails like rosy shells
and little fists so firm !

GRIMALDA : Here nothing premature, the child
must be full term.

MIRABELLE : You are so cold Grimalda,
and god-mothers are naturally excited.
We have worked so hard both day and night
to get the omens and the portents right

(*Crackles of blue flame appear on the ground. She and Una look embarrassed.*)

GRIMALDA : This *feu de joie* has certainly gone wrong !

UNA : I *said* the brimstone was a little strong.

GRIMALDA : Idiots, who cannot learn a simple sum
but fooster dangerously by rule of thumb !

(*to Una*)

You're still conceited
for you once discovered
fox-glove for a failing heart
but overdosed a king.
And had he not recovered,
you would have learnt
your sole reward
in being burnt.

MIRABELLE : I hope the forest wont become ignited !

GRIMALDA : Much I care ! I haven't been invited.

UNA AND
MIRABELLE : How could they have forgotten you ?

GRIMALDA : Indeed ! But none the less it's true.

MIRABELLE : We bring the baby health and wealth and beauty,
as is our duty.
But you ?

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What will you do ?
You will not harbour spite
against this helpless new-born mite ?

GRIMALDA : No need for such alarm,
the child herself I will not harm.
But every family
carries strange fruit
within its tree
that long coffined in the glossy wood
dreams in the sap for centuries of birth,
waiting the kinsman's kiss
to set it free in flesh
to putrefy the earth.
The young Princess's lot
will be
to carry fruit.
Like me—
forgot.

MIRABELLE AND UNA : We do not understand.
You say you wish the Princess well
and yet you talk as if you planned
some curse, some evil spell ?

GRIMALDA : It is the future I foretell.
Now go ! and I will quench
these crocus fires of puzzled spring,
these phantoms . . . To the palace bring
joy and laughter now, forgetful of the stench
that hallows birth and heralds death,
the baptism of blood, the ring
of toadstools that invade the dying breath,
the brief delay
between
the pristine green
and verdigris decay.
Oh ! go away
and leave me here
to see in darkness clear
the things that lie beneath my lids
addled by light, but like the grids
of Spanish convents, shutting out the day.
What, still here ?

I suppose you have forgotten how to steer
your half-anointed brooms.

Fortunately it is not far
or you would spend the moon in some high tree.

(Points).

Look Mirabelle, *this* is the star
and fireflies to light you through the gloom.

(Picks fireflies up).

If you would not set your sticks alight,
take off away from here—
and now good night.

(*Exeunt Una and Mirabelle. Grimalda waits and listens*).

CAT : Miauw !

GRIMALDA : Lucifer my own !
Come for at last I am alone.
Lucifer marauding son
of Satan,
what have you done ?
Triumph is strangled in your throat,
you come as warriors will,
seeking praise for what you kill,
and I will praise you whether
it is bat or mouse or rat—but no !—a feather
celestial blue, no common tit or royal peacock this,
a fragile bird whose death is swift, whose song men bless,
blue bird of vagrant happiness.
This is the official bird of state.
Well better kill it now than wait.
Wise cat to bring me such a treasure !
I will dissect it at my leisure.
When happiness grows cold
it is the proper study of the old.
Dear cat, whose Egyptian god demands
the best of sacrifices,
your grateful priestess understands
and this suffices
for the insults of this vacant night
that torment wisdom and vaunt delight.
Lucifer king and emperor of cats
whose lineage is strong to breed,
whose seed
carries no dotage, whose greed

is dominant, making a faithful image of itself,
smothering the white cat's kittens who are deaf,
but alas !

powerless to pass
this mighty heritage to your black stalwart sons,
you are unique.

But they
some day when wrongly mated may
beget a freak.
See I will stroke your velvet ears
until you purr
my Lucifer
and in the witch ball
we will watch
what happens after twenty years.

*(From out of the folds of her dress Grimalda produces a crystal
after she has spoken the final three lines or during the speech.
There appears on a possible screen or front curtain a circle
which expands and finally with the drawing of this curtain
exposes Scene II).*

SCENE II.

*The sleeping beauty in her bedroom inside the castle.
The castle disappears with the drawing of the 1st curtain.
Enter an old nurse with a broom.*

OLD NURSE : Well Princess, still asleep ?
The young drowse deep,
but this outspans the normal dream
that blurrss the senses
while the rising sap
trickles from heart to finger tip,
to eye, to rosy lip.
Well, let these cobwebs stay
until mayhap
you wake one day
and break this soft cocoon,
this filamentous tomb
spun on the loom
of dreaming mind
to find
the hour of gold,

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the hour of birth to life—
 and from that hour
 grow old.
 Who would foreswear
 that hour for this ? (*Points*)
 Trance that but waits
 a lover's kiss.
 Did she die now,
 the sundial could not mark
 her coming or her passing
 since they both are dark.
 Her breath
 but wantons in her breast,
 so deep her rest,
 its fickle flight would scarce attest
 her death.

exit.

Enter children dancing.
Children might wear clothes suggesting ballet.

CHILDREN :

We are tired of sleep and now we want to dance
 because we have so little chance
 of ever being born.
 We are the silent satellites
 of bridal rites.
 We are the recessive genes
 suppressed by adult dominants.
 We cannot die but shuffled fly
 from troupe to troupe.
 We say good-bye
 to our weak comrades,
 crying "*auf wiedersehn,*"
 for should we meet again
 in different bridal train
 we will embrace and in twin sympathy
 be borne as one.
 That would be fun !
 That would be fun !
 We have so very little chance
 but there is one.

(They repeat the refrain).
One boy drops out and lies down.

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FIRST CHILD : What ails the little boy
he is so pale and short of breath ?

SECOND OLDER CHILD : Oh ! yes, you see he always
bleeds to death.
He must do this when we rehearse.

FIRST CHILD : I hope he wont get any worse !

SECOND CHILD : Oh ! No he only shows his taint.

FIRST CHILD : It seems to me the girls dont faint !

SECOND CHILD : They are the clever ones who slyly
pass it to their sons.

FIRST CHILD : That is not fair !
Is the mother without love
to bear
a child to such great trouble ?
Has she not known ?

SECOND CHILD : Some do and some do not
and some don't care.
The ignorant disown
their ancestry,
deeming themselves victims of a plot.
They call their 'scape goat "changeling"
and to appease this wizardry
burn the babe upon a red hot shovel.

FIRST CHILD : I'm glad I am recessive
if words in the world mean such a lot.
While we are unborn here we need not feign
innocence, nor suffer pain.

SECOND CHILD : But hush ! Our superiors
arrive—the Kings and Queens.
Recessive we cannot strive
against these lordly dominant genes.

Enter Nun clapping her hands.

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NUN : Now children you've had your play
and recreation's over.
Quick now run away !
Don't stand there arms akimbo !

FIRST CHILD : Where do we go ?

SECOND CHILD : Oh ! Just back to limbo.

NUN : Hurry I'm going to ring the bell.

Takes hand bell out of her pocket.

FIRST CHILD : Well, I suppose it's worse in hell.

SECOND CHILD : They cannot send us there
no matter how much they may desire.
Unborn we bear
no mark of Cain
and knowing not pain
we could not feel the purge of fire.

Nun rings bell. As children bow, curtsey and run off, enter Gay Lady, Toreador, Poet and Sailor. Last has parrot on his shoulder and is dressed like a romantic pirate. They bow formally to each other. Other indeterminate characters à volonté drift in. They, too, bow.

SAILOR : How does our sleeping beauty ?

NUN : Still heedless of her duty,
while we, her ancestors, must pace
the corridors of time that she alone
can fashion into space,
giving our spirits flesh in birth
to walk and work again on earth.

SAILOR : Aye, but the girl does not know this.
Strange that a life should hang
upon a kiss.

GAY LADY : Sailor, how many careless kisses
have you given ?
No need to blush dear man
for here you're shriven.

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21

Birth waters wash away all knowledge.
Only the instincts then remain,
so you would do the same again.

NUN : You should not bring that parrot in.

SAILOR : Why not ? He saw a living parrot in a cage
and fell into a fearful rage
and claimed his ancestral right
to follow it, and I was loth
to leave him for we hope
that birth will re-unite
us both.
This parrot is a sage.
Why once he said

GAY LADY : There sailor, keep the bird
but I don't believe that he can speak.
He hasn't uttered one small word.

SAILOR : Excuse me M'am but he,
(Deeply hurt) in company of fools,
n'er opes his beak.

TOREADOR : Shame on the nobles
who leave such beauty undisturbed
for years ! No serenade,
no carnival, no rose ! absurd !
Ah ! were I not a shade

CHARACTER : There rides this way a Prince,
(From wings) his horse caparisoned in leaping gold !

GAY LADY : Swift ! The others must be told,
should it be he at last !

CHARACTER : Gold and silver and he travels fast.
(Exit).

NUN : I dedicated my life to God,
gave my beauty as a peerless pearl
and now once more I pray
life to renew my vows
of sacrifice to serve
the divine eternal spouse,

THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE

GAY LADY :

Foolish girl !
 Why anticipate
 inexorable fate ?
 This mystic union
 that you crave
 waits you in the
 sacramental grave.
 A necrophile to pray for life !
 To cherish in the heart of youth
 the loathsome worm decay.

TOREADOR :

Nay ! The nun is right I say.
 Death is the hour of truth
 and blood the baptism of death
 as it is of birth.
 Life's dignity lies in valour
 ardently pursuing
 to conquer death by wooing.
 What man on earth
 would craven die in bed
 when the bull challenges
 the horns of truth upon his lowered head,
 when choice is chance
 and skill and fear are dice
 to lose or gain
 the victim of the welling stain
 that soaks the ring ?
 Eyes glaze and in that sweltering heat,
 I know not whose.
 In the hush I wait
 the crowds great roar.
 If 'tis the bull they are reprieved,
 if 'tis I, they lose
 and will be grieved
 and I will hear that sound no more.

(Enter Prince who is attracted by the beauty of the Sleeping Princess, and who is unaware of other characters on the stage).

Children come dancing in.

CHILDREN :

The Prince, the Prince !
 Now is our chance
 to dance, to dance . . .

(Repeat refrain from "we are the silent satellites").

THE UNINVITED

23

Hymn of Ancestors—Spoken in chorus by all the characters except of course Prince and Princess.

We who have lived and still sustain
our substance in your cells
beg to be born again.
The life urge now compels
us to this portal,
in surging siege,
to storm this citadel
to make us mortal.
Our crusade is fratricide ;
appeal to reason is denied.
Love our pitiless liege
so darkens all the mind
that they are deaf
as well as blind.

POET :

This is the spiritual hour
when tear drops tremble on the rose
and music is a tremulous call
to greater love, to immolation
in gratitude for revelation,
when May thorn blossoms shower
confetti from a blackened tree ;
untarnished, chaste, supreme,
the vision widens as the lovers dream.
Alms for the world they leave bereft !
Wine for the guests and sacrifice of self !
The charity of love is great but brief,
for time the thief
folds up his glimmering tapestry,
silent, swift and deft.
Softly the dream world shrinks, for he is nimble.
The guests are gone, the lovers wake.
All that is left
is love incarnate as a symbol.
The earth
is richer by a birth,
for better or for worse
the universe
may now disperse.

Prince kisses Princess who wakes,

Enter Paddy the Muc who is revoltingly ugly and dirty, and might wear the mask of a pig. He carries a goad.

PADDY THE MUC : (*Addressing the Ancestors*).

Hold ! Do you hope to keep me out ?
I, Paddy the drover,
 beast of all beasts—a lout
 they say and worse,
 whore-master, pitiless and cruel,
 maimer of neighbours' cattle,
 driving parched animals with goad and curse
 to brutal slaughter, to feed with blood
 my swollen purse.
 What foolish woman's prattle !
 When the red gold of coin can buy
 the king's own daughter ;
 and what does the gentle shephered do
 but raise his tender flock for slaughter ?
 Hypocrisy ! Incest, murder, rape ?
 These are but naked words and I'm a man
 and fearless, needing no cape
 to veil my violence, only my two strong fists to grip
 and wring each second's bargain
 from the flying hour
 and god-like grow in wealth and power.
 Power is my lust—the sense and smell of it ;
 but it is torture that exults me most
 that sets me free to stride and boast
 and sweat with ecstasy—
 warm sweat that laves my arm pits and my groins
 and seals my navel's hoarded dirt
 when it congeals

NUN : *Raising her rosary.*

Demon !

GAY LADY : *Brandishing her fan.*

Obscene !

SAILOR : Unclean !

TOREADOR : *Gesture with sword.*
 Scarce worth steel !

POET : His wounds would heal.

THE UNINVITED

25

PADDY THE MUC : Back, back you snivelling pack !

(To Nun)

You, whey-faced wimpled simpleton,
back your beads to tell
in the half-lit world
of a convent cell ;
miser of life who hoards
talents to trade for death's rewards !

(To Sailor)

Back sailor, who would squander
precious life to wander
and ship-wrecked sell
this gift for a shifting bed
of jagged coral shell.

(To Gay Lady)

And you who would frivol life away
in charming play
of make believe.

(To Toreador)

And you who cannot wait to die
but swagger thinking to defy
the canker that gnaws without reprieve :
black rose no blood will stain to red.
Children all, who cry
for something priceless, as a toy,
and granted it, first flaw and then destroy.
While you pursued the shadows
of yourselves,
I lived in every thought and deed,
lavishly I sowed my seed.
The lovers plight their troth
but I am ancestor of both
and by this double might
I claim my right !
Back, back everyone !
I Paddy, am their destined son.

By this time Paddy the Muc has driven off all the Ancestors.
The Prince and Princess unaware of all the confusion continue their mime of courtship throughout the scene. They now prepare to leave hand in hand and move towards exit back stage followed triumphantly by Paddy the Muc.

PAGES FROM THE JOURNAL OF EDMUND SHAKESPEARE

By Joseph O'Neill.

CHAPTER I.

HAMNET is dead. He died yesterday and Will is not here. I cannot bear the sight of Anne's face. This morning Richard said that whenever Will came home he came for Hamnet. It isn't altogether true. He came home to all of us but there's enough truth in it to make me afraid of the sight of his face when he comes. We cannot even be sure that the news will come to him before then, that he will not ride in some day with a bag of presents for Hamnet, singing as he does when he's near home. Last February on Hamnet's eleventh birthday, I got him to write Will a letter. I'm glad at least he has that.

OCTOBER :

I have not been able to write. My mind has been too blank and empty. Yesterday Will came home. I could hear him singing half way up the street. He had news that would have been good at another time. The coat of arms has been granted to us. Today he looks like a man who has lost his way, a queer wall-eyed man. Susanna and Judith are following him round all day but he doesn't see them. I wish he would go away. This evening, when I went into the back bedroom, where Hamnet died, he was there with his head on the pillow. It was shocking to see *him* crying. I never thought *he* could cry. The coat of arms that was for Hamnet as much as for my father was in his mind I know and the big new House at New Place ; last May, when he was buying it, he talked to me of Hamnet living there some day with his wife and children.

NOVEMBER :

This year is accursed. The things we had been hoping for have come back to us, our old place in the town, the respect of the people, enough money and to spare after all those years of poverty and yet the year feels accursed. I thought that the days

would take away the memory of that child but there is no day, when the dinner hour comes, that I don't expect to see him running in from school in the quick way he used, shouting and laughing.

1596, NOVEMBER 15th

The plague has come to our town today. Wedgewood, the tailor, is sick to death with it and the blacksmith, Hornby, they say has it also. The stink from the shambles in Bridge Street is said to be one of the causes of it, but nobody, except the bailiff would make so bold as to tackle the muck and anyway the plague is all over the country, shambles or no shambles and there are other things troubling Abraham Sturley, our Bailiff, matters that are even worse than the plague. Today, Sir Thomas Lucy and Sir Fulke Greville and Master Edward Greville rode into the town with a proclamation they had brought from London. The King of Spain is making preparations for another invasion. Already his ships are gathered in the ports. Never before, they say, was England in such danger. Gentlemen and others of good ability must not leave the shire but must reside in their dwellings and make full provision of powder, match and bullet for themselves and their servants and their poorer neighbours. Catholics must be disarmed and their arms, horses and all weapons taken from them for the use of men of better trust. All persons who spread false rumours are to be seized, but in spite of that the stories that are going about are such that half of them can't be true, stories about Spanish landings in Ireland and ports on the west coast of that country being already full of Spanish ships loaded with men and great guns.

DECEMBER 10th.

The Spanish ships have not come and now with the winter gales and the long nights they say we are safe until Spring. Also, in spite of my mother's fears, we have not been molested. My father has heard the names of nine score recusants in the list made by the new Bishop of Worcester and our name is not among them, although Tom Wheeler is in it and Smith the Vintner and our kinsman Thomas Green, the Town Lawyer, and the two old Catholic gentlewomen, Mistress Barber and Mistress Jeffreys of High Street. My father's brother, Henry Shakespeare, of Ingon is in it, but nobody is surprised about that. He hasn't spoken

to most of his neighbours for years and not a single relative of his is on speaking terms with him. He is the queerest man in the countryside, bound to be in any trouble that's going. Nobody could pay any heed to him. Besides they say he is near death's door.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

The last day of this year 1596 is passing with as little luck as the days that went before it. This morning news came that Uncle Henry is dead. Henry Wilson who was at Ington the day before yesterday, says that he was buried that day with nobody to mourn him but his wife, Margaret. We should all have been at his funeral, if we had known, but he would have none of us since the year my father went security for his debts and he failed him. Henry Wilson says that he wasn't dead an hour when swarms of his creditors were ransacking the house, breaking open the coffers, even taking the hay from the barns. The stuff was there in plenty and the money in the coffers and yet up to the end he wouldn't give his debtors the satisfaction of paying them. And it wasn't through meanness or greed but plain cursedness. Even when he refused to pay his tithes and to wear the cloth cap on Sundays, my father says that it was less through any loyalty to the old faith than through hatred to do what was ordered or to agree with anybody. Well, he is gone and Wilson says that his poor wife is little likely to survive him, for she loved him deeply. For all the life he led others, he was her good friend.

We are a strange family. My father so up and down, Will so different from everybody else and now getting to be such a notable man, Richard such a dull quiet fellow and I, like Will my mother says, but I cannot believe that that is not a mother's vain fancy.

Of late something has happened to me. Partly it was Hamnet's death for, though I was nearly five years older than he, he was always with me. Even before he died, something was happening inside me, but his death seemed to drag part of me down with him, the part that was like him and Will. Since then I've been changed. Perhaps the plague has something to do with the change in me, for it is getting worse from day to day. No one now goes to bed at night sure that he'll get up safe in the morning and no one gets up without thinking that, before the day is past, he may be numbered with the dying.

In the evenings, when the day's work is done, men crowd into the Peacock Inn in Bridge Street or the other taverns of this town, as if they thought that by being together, with plenty of ale and sack going round, they could be a defence to one another. They're more like to be a danger, Abraham Sturley says, but every evening there they are and with them my father, now the guest of honour, after all the years when he didn't dare show his face by the tavern fire.

I shouldn't be there, for it is no place for a boy of sixteen, but I have become a notable person in this town this winter—strange to relate—and stranger still, my notability comes partly from my fears and partly from my hates, for if the fear of the plague weren't in my bones I shouldn't be crowding in with the others and if I hadn't hated Mr. Alexander Aspinall, our worthy school master—I shouldn't be allowed to come, or at least welcomed in the Peacock by the grown men of this town.

However, it is a long story and perhaps I had better begin at the beginning and tell it right through, though there may be many who will want to skip most of the tale.

I was born in the year 1580 in this town of Stratford, being the fifth and last child of John Shakespeare and his wife Mary who was the daughter of Robert Arden. Like all the rest of our family I was born as Summer was beginning, for the day following the night of my birthday was May-Day.

It is the only good thing I can say about the time of my birth, for it fell in a year of trouble. Even the Christian name they gave me is a witness of that trouble for it was taken from the Christian name of my mother's sister's husband, Edmund Lambert, and his name was chosen not from any special love my father bore him, though they had been close friends in the old days, but because Edmund Lambert had a mortgage on our farm at Asbies and my father had a foolish hope that if he called me after him, it might soften his heart towards us. It didn't soften his heart, or if it did, the softening didn't last long after the christening ale had spent its force, for, when the Summer was over Lambert broke his promise to let my father free of the mortgage, even though we offered to pay back the debt of £40 the mortgage had been given for.

I heard enough about that broken word of Edmund Lambert, when I was becoming conscious of the world about me, for by then we had lost not only the Asbies farm and our interest in

the Smitterfield farm, but we had also lost our place in the life of the town and, whatever the causes of our decline were, my father's pride naturally fell back on the treachery and trickery of Edmund Lambert as the beginning and the source of all his misfortunes. However these misfortunes did not arrive in their full tide until I was four or five years old.

As I've said, I opened my eyes on a world that was decking its Maypoles and my birth was in accordance with the custom of our family. In all our records May is the month that matters. Sixteen years before, my brother, Will, was born on St. George's Day which is the forerunner of May, and when my earliest memories begin, the best of them is of the crowd that came to celebrate the christening of Will's first child, my niece Susanna in the same May month. For two years after that my first clear memory of him is of clinging to his hand on a dark wet night while he swung the horn lantern with the other hand to show me the puddles. After that there is a night that stands out very clear and bright, a night when everything seemed to be lost in moonlight and he and I were standing behind the big barn listening to the owls hooting from the belfry—too-whoo-too whit-too-whoo. That must have been the winter of 1583. My next memory is blackthorn in flower and a bird peeping at us out of its nest in the hedge and Will calling Sweetheart to heel in a low voice, because we weren't of high enough rank now to have a dog and besides the coney had gone into Lucy's park.

Then came blank empty days, with Will gone away along the Banbury Road and I crying behind the wool shop with the smell of the tan-pits filling the air round me. I don't know whether smells mean more to me than to other people but the smell of tan-pits can still bring back in a queer vivid way the misery of those days when the loss of Will seemed to empty the whole world for me. The misery died away as a child's misery does. My mother took Will's place. The fact that I was the youngest and that I was Will's favourite helped to make her tend specially towards me. Probably the trouble of those years made it necessary for her to try to escape to some den of refuge and burying her emotions in me was the most obvious way of escape. She certainly needed some sort of refuge, for we were always in trouble and debt.

That year Will left, there were three lawsuits against us for debt and the next year there were more and the next year again.

We didn't know where to turn and it wasn't we alone, for the whole town was in debt and misery, with no trade and no work for anyone. My sister-in-law, Ann, Will's wife, had to leave us and go back to her mother's house at Shottery with her three children. The piles of skin and wool and leather in the outhouses grew smaller and smaller, the cutters and tanners left us one by one and, in the end we were down to our own family, my father and mother, my brother Richard, who is six years older than I, and whom I could never care much for, my sister Joan who was then a lovely young woman of nineteen and who spoiled me almost as much as my mother, the man servant, Nicholas Richardson, Margaret Rogers, the maid servant, and the farm labourers.

My mother said that it was as bad as the year Will was born when the plague was all over the land and nobody was allowed to come into the town or go out of it, but my father wouldn't hear anything against that year. He could never forget but that was the year when he was chosen Alderman. That made the plague a small matter to him. What mattered was that then he was a big man in the place, whereas the year Will left us, he was at the bottom of the ladder, having, as I discovered in later days, taken his tumble partly through his own headiness in speculations and partly through the depression that made the plans of even the most cautious sobersides go wrong in those bad days of the fifteen-eighties.

That at least was the opinion of my other brother Gilbert which I often heard him give my mother before he too left for London to become a haberdasher.

Looking back now on those, days I cannot think of them as unhappy in spite of the continuous glooming of my father and his complaints about the traps laid for him by his enemies. His talk, as he went over and over his misfortunes came to me more like an old tale of a good angel fighting the forces of evil than the story of foolishness Gilbert had made of it. It was lovely of an evening to sit on the corner of the settle nearest the big fireplace and listen to him going over his great deeds, how he started the tannery with the making of leggings and leather breeches and leather bottles and black-jacks, how the tanning led to the trade in skins and the trade in skins to the butcher's business and the wool-stapling business and how the trade in tanning-work led to the trade in timber and they all led to the buying of land. It was envy of this success had brought his enemies to plan against

him. That was the one and only reason for his failure according to himself and when he appealed to my mother for support on this point, she never failed him.

He must certainly have been an eager, active man in those early days of his marriage, full of energy and enterprise, the sort of man that might easily have roused the envy or the jealousy of his neighbours and if he was too eager or optimistic, too prone to overestimate his own powers and to have too many irons in the fire, my mother was not the woman to round back on him and criticise him in his adversity. As for me, I sided with him most passionately and longed for the time when I should be big enough to ride out like a knight of old and help him to overthrow Edmund Lambert and John Brown of Henley Street and his other enemies.

Mostly, however, my life centred round my mother. In those days indeed all the life of the house seemed to centre round her, as if she was the hearth-fire that kept us warm. Even Richard, who was a dour, silent boy, went round uneasily if she wasn't in sight or hearing, when he came in, and my father couldn't eat or drink or talk or pray or even complain properly if she was absent. The fact that the farm at Asbies had been her property had made Edmund Lambert's seizure of it all the more bitter to swallow, for it touched the most secret pride of my father's heart, namely that he had been able to win for his wife the daughter of Robert Arden of Wilmcote, grandson of Sir John Arden who had been squire of the body to His Majesty Henry VII and relative of that other Robert Arden, Gentleman, of Park Hall who had suffered death at Smithfield for clinging to the older faith. That was the other great topic of conversation in our home, in those days, the treachery that had brought Robert Arden to the stake because he was too proud to wear the livery of the Queen's favourite the Earl of Leicester, as the other great men of the County did, or to close his eyes to Leicester's relations with Lettice, Countess of Essex, while her husband was away on the Irish wars.

All this however has little to do with my story. It was part of the gossip that went round the fire, when the doors were closed and the family were safe from eavesdroppers in the winter nights. I need not say what danger there is in these things. My mother's family, like their relative Edward Arden, are of the old faith. She herself is a devout Catholic and, though my father's religion is now patterned on that of his neighbours, he never went to bed in those early days without joining my mother in saying the Rosary.

I have a special remembrance of the Rosary because of childish sorrows of my own that were connected with it. There were three parts in it, the Joyful Mysteries, the Sorrowful Mysteries and the Glorious Mysteries. Each of these consisted of five groups of ten Hail Marys each, called decades. One of these mysteries was said each night, the Glorious Mysteries on Sundays and Holy Days, the Sorrowful Mysteries on Fridays and Wednesdays, and the Joyful Mysteries on the other days of the week, and the practice in our house was for each of us to have a decade in which he or she called out the first part of the Hail Mary and the others answered with the second part. My father began the decades then my mother said hers, Joan and Richard came on in their turn, I had the last decade. Often, however, when it came to my turn to say the decade, my father forgot me and took my place in calling out the Ave Maria. This nearly always brought me to tears. In the end I used to wait in apprehension the whole evening for the catastrophe and the worst of it was that I thought everybody knew this and was watching me, my mother and Joan with pity, Richard with contempt, John Richardson with a sour sort of indifference. But do what I would, I couldn't help myself.

Its small ale perhaps to chronicle that foolishness of a child but I am doing it because I feel that the queerness that was behind it is part of the same weakness that is making me feel so uncertain of myself even to-day.

However, to come back to the farm at Asbies, our lost inheritance, it was the bane of my father's life, not merely because it had been my mother's property, but because it had been the cherished heirloom of her family. Her father, Robert, had loved her more than all his other six daughters. He had given it to her over the heads of all the others, though she was the youngest of his children, and Lambert's joy in getting it back from her now was three parts vindictive satisfaction because that wrong had been avenged. The fact that he had succeeded in cheating my father out of it, seemed to him no robbery but a fitting restitution for the wrong that had been done to his wife Joan when her youngest sister had been left the family heirloom over her head. This at any rate was the explanation my mother gave me about it, when my father wasn't listening, for she was always a most charitable woman who tried to see things from the point of view of others even when she held her own most sharply against them.

I remember still very vividly the night Edmund Lambert died. The Rosary had been finished. I had been let say my decade and I was so full of relief that it was a joy to shout out the answers to the Litany—"Pray for us—Pray for us." As my father called out "Tower of Ivory," "House of Gold," "Virgin of Virgins," my exaltation was so great that it seemed to affect the cat Nathaniel, for he got up from his place beside the fire, humped his back, stretched himself and made for my father's legs. To help to understand what was going to happen I should mention that, in order to say the prayers, each of us knelt down with a stool in front of him or her to rest the arms on. This half-crouching position made the calves of our legs a tempting place for a cat to settle on and my father's calves were the best of all, for they were broad and warm and their fine woollen hose gave a feeling of comfort that nothing else could give. This point of view was not one that would naturally appeal to my father and he was still less likely to consider it owing to the fact that Nathaniel, in spite of all experience, usually began his occupation of the position by working his claws up and down through my father's hose in an ecstasy of anticipation. The joy of the situation for the younger witnesses of the operation arose partly from the fact that unless it got quite unbearable, my father was loathe to take any notice of it because the proper reverence for the prayers forbade him to show any knowledge of other matters while he was engaged in them.

If this happened after I had successfully got through my decade, I nearly always had therefore some moments of supreme joy at a time when I could give myself up to it. It was indeed one of the few occasions on which Richard and myself shared a pleasure, though I always had a feeling that his pleasure came partly from a malicious delight in seeing my father suffer.

On this night, however, Nathaniel had only just hoisted himself on my father's calves when there was a loud insistent knocking at the door. Everyone straightened up, though nobody at first rose from his knees. I remember particularly the look in my mother's eyes and the rosary beads that she held up to her breast as she stared at my father. In those days it was difficult for even the most loyal and cautious Catholic to avoid the snares that were laid for their destruction. It was only two years since the night Robert Arden and his wife had been interrupted at their prayers by Sir Thomas Lacy of Charlecote to be taken on the

journey that ended at Smithfield. Sir Thomas Lacy was our own close neighbour and a most diligent rooter out of Papist practices. That knock might mean anything.

For a moment we were all stiff and silent. Then my mother sprang to her feet, ran round to all of us, whipped the Rosary beads from our hands and ran into the bed-room with them. The rest of us stood up. My father went to the settle beside the fire and sat down—we others stood round, our eyes fixed on the door. The knocking had stopped, but now it began again louder and more persistent than before. My father got up from the settle, went to the corner where he kept his cudgels and took one. Richard went over and took another. Nicholas, our man-servant looked round, hesitated, then went and took a cudgel also. My father went to the door with Richard following him. For a moment he stood listening. Then he called out “Who goes there ?”

“ It’s me—me. Edmund Lambert is dead.” The voice was the voice of George Turbutt one of our farm-labourers.

“ God have mercy on us,” from my mother—then “ God have mercy on his soul.” She rushed back to the bedroom and brought out the rosaries and thrust them into our hands saying in an urgent whisper “ Pray for him—pray for him.”

When we all knelt down again after George Turbett told his story, my father instead of going on with the Litany began to pray fervently for Edmund Lambert and to beg the Lord to forgive him his sins in a voice that was trembling, a thing that surprised me greatly, for my father, though he always said the Rosary with great solemnity, had never shown any great fervour when he was saying the prayers, not half as much as when he talked of the farm, and besides I always thought he hated Edmund more than the devil these later years. And yet now his voice was full of the deepest feelings and indeed so was my mother’s voice, but then she had always been fervent when she was at her prayers, not like my father.

I remember still my disappointment on the next day, when I found that I wasn’t to be brought to the funeral. All night I had kept Richard awake talking about it ; and now I was not to go after all. It was a bitter sorrow and when my mother was taking her best dress out of the big red chest at the end of the

bed in their bedroom, I burst out crying, but ran away ashamed of myself and stayed in the big barn until Richard found me and dragged me back to my mother who wanted to kiss me good-bye. He said that day that if he was my mother, it wasn't a kiss I should get for blubbering but a kick in the bum and looking back on those days now, a fear comes over me that he may well have been right in his prescription of a cure for my ills. If I had been in a house where I was hardened by clouts and blows like other boys, perhaps I wouldn't be in the misery I'm in to-day. Perhaps, however, I might be just as bad or even worse. God knows how much my weakness is in my own marrow, hidden away from the hand of father or mother or any March wind that could blow on my outer skin.

However to come back to Edmund's death. The funeral was a splendid affair. Even Richard, who is slower to praise than to fault, acknowledged that, when he came back. The Lamberts are sly and greedy at ordinary times but they have big notions of themselves and the funeral meats were more like those of a wedding banquet than a death feast, Richard said. When they got there, the rooms and the staircase were all draped in black cloth and a big mourning bed, kindly loaned by Mr. Hales, the Lord of the Manor, with black velvet curtains and a black carpet to match, was up in the best room with Joan Lambert sitting in it in state receiving the visits of condolence, and all round her a guard of poor folk in black gowns of cloth bought for them at six and eightpence a yard a week before the man died. Long before you came to the house you could hear them howling and crying so loud, Richard said, that you'd think they had hopes to howl Edmund Lambert back again. As for the wake, there was never anything like it. Edmund Lambert had known his own breed too well to trust them to treat him properly after his death, my father said, so he had set money aside in his will for the funeral feast and had even prescribed the food that was to be provided, not only the beef and mutton and veal but the musk and saffron to flavour them and sack at two and ten pence a gallon as well as ale and beer and marchpane made of pounded almonds, pistachio nuts, sugar and flour and with a grand coating of gilt on the top.

It was a great wake, so splendid that my father's heart rose and, though he couldn't for decency sake raise the question of Asbies in the house of death, he came home so sure that everything

would be all right that before he took leave of John Lambert and his mother, he gave five shillings in the view of everybody, to a ballad singer who made a ballad lamenting the death of Edmund Lambert. Richard coulnd't remember more than the beginning but if the rest of it wasn't better than the lines he remembered it seems to me to have been very poor stuff. Here it is :—

Now listen all good people
Unto a sad event
That did befall a family
That now with grief is rent.

However the weeks passed and no word about restitution came from the Lamberts. Then my father went over to see him about it but came back with empty hands and to make a long story short it took all the labour of all the brothers-in-law through the whole of Spring and Summer with the help of good neighbours to get John Lambert even to the point of giving a promise to make amends.

I don't know why the Summer of 1587 following Edmund Lambert's death remains so vividly in my memory but there was something more alive in that year than any year before or after. The first morning light seemed to bring me strange happiness with it and the early song of the birds from the orchard behind the house and, when I went out, the smells and sights of the street and the garden were queerly sharp. When my mother came out into the garden of an evening, a special joy and beauty seemed to come into the evening light as she walked round stooping down to look at the herbs that were growing in the physic border, as we called it, along the walls, tansy and cat-mint and valerian and lungwort and liverwort and bloody dock and penny-royal and dittany. Then one day the Summer was gone and with it the strange happiness that had come to me with it.

JAMES STEPHENS AS A PROSE ARTIST

By Padraic Colum.

THE photograph I have of him shows James Stephens with a head resting on a hand. But resting is wrong ; there is nothing passive in the long-wristed, knuckled hand, the mouth, the eyes. With intelligence and power there is combative-ness in the face ; strength and purpose are marked.

He brought into Irish literature (it was then at the stage of being a movement) a naturalism that was fresh as it was engaging :

The driver rubbed his nettly chin
With a huge forefinger, crooked and black.

or :—

Her face was screwed and wrinkled tight
Just like a nut—and, left and right
On either side she wagged her head,
And said a thing ; and what she said
Was desperate as any word
That ever yet a person heard.

Into a poetry that was of the countryside or of a kingly past, James Stephens brought the streets of the town and the people of the streets.

In sketches and in essays published in Arthur Griffith's weekly he had shown a writer's gifts. "Writing is like fishing," Rudyard Kipling said, "you cast your hook in the stream—that's the story part ; but to catch anything you must bait the hook ; you must bait your hook with words, gaudy words." James Stephens had words of every kind—a whole thesaurus. Open a book of his at any place and you will find one who can be prodigal with the right words :—

The Ard-ri could look on all things with composure, and regard all things with a tranquil eye ; but it should be known that there was one deed entirely hateful to him, and he would punish its commission with the very last rigour—this was a

transgression of Sunday. During six days of the week all that could happen might happen, so far as Dermod was concerned, but on the seventh day nothing should happen at all if the High King could restrain it. Had it been possible he would have tethered the birds to their own green branches on that day, and forbidden the clouds to pack the upper world with stir and colour. These the King permitted, with a tight lip, perhaps, but all else that came under his hand felt his control.

These words have rhythm : they are speech. James Stephens came out of the Dublin that delights in a story and is able to tell one with the right progression and the right timing ; he could have made ballads that are sung on the Dublin streets, ballads that he sang with characteristic verve.

His first prose work, *The Charwoman's Daughter*, is I take it, an idyll. And what is an idyll ? It is (maybe) a piece of fiction, prose or poetry, in which a desirable life is always kept before us, in which the surroundings—landscape or metropolitan area—is given a glory, in which the main characters get and deserve our good wishes, and in which their actions and speeches have nobility. In their conduct there is innocence. Leave the poetry out, let there be a demand on our credulity rather than an appeal to our imagination (Oscar Wilde said of certain popular books of his time that they made a demand on our credulity without ever appealing to our imagination) and we have instead of the idyll, the sentimental story or poem. But make no mistake about it the combination that makes the idyll is a rare thing in literature.

Well, James Stephens in his twenties made the combination and wrote *The Charwoman's Daughter*. The interior and exterior that Mary Make-believe knows are equally memorable. The interior is the single room up five flights of stairs that she has always lived in with her mother. "She knew every crack in the ceiling, and they were numerous and of strange shapes. Every spot of mildew on the ancient wall paper was familiar. She had indeed watched the growth of most from a greyish shade to a dark stain, from a spot to a great blob." But she knew the streets and the parks just as well as the room she lived in. The ducklings in the pond in Stephens' Green were seen through their babyhood by her. "They were quite fearless and would dash to the water's

edge where one was standing, and pick up nothing with the greatest eagerness and swallow it with the greatest delight." Certain streets were her afternoon's promenade, and she knew them so intimately that she could tell her mother at bed time "that the black dress with the Spanish lace was taken out of Manning's window and a red gown with tucks at the shoulders and Irish lace at the wrists put in its place; or that the diamond ring in Johnson's marked One Hundred Pounds was gone from the case and that a slide of brooches of beaten silver and blue enamel was there instead." She took another outing after night fall, this time with her mother, when they made a round of the theatres—there were no cinemas then. They didn't actually witness any performances, but they had a view of the people going in and they took stock of the announcements on the big posters. "When they went home afterwards they had supper and used to try to make out the plots of the various plays from the pictures they had seen, so that generally they had lots to talk about before they went to bed."

It is over thirty years ago since I first read *The Charwoman's Daughter* in the Irish Review of which I was one of the editors when the poet of *Insurrections* published it as his first prose work. I read it again with a sense of its singularity and its abiding charm. "Thus far the story of Mary Makebelieve" are the last lines, indicating that more was to be told about that engaging young lady. But more has not been told. The charwoman is on the verge of obtaining a fortune when we hear the last of mother and daughter, and Mary who has dismissed an ogre of a suitor is on the point of falling in love with the young man who has become the next door neighbour's lodger. We don't know what happened to Mary and her mother in years since. But of course they could not be the Makebelieves we were so happy with once they left "a small room at the very top of a big, dingy house in a Dublin back street," when Mary would either have a husband or a recognized suitor.

But we cannot quench a longing to know if Mrs. Makebelieve when she had inherited her brother Patrick's dollars did any of the things she so earnestly decided to do when she was earning one shilling and sixpence a day. Her servants, for instance. Did she give them Ten Shillings per week and their board, with two nights free in the week while seeing they were well fed at all times? And did Mary acquire that heavy wine-coloured satin dress with

a gold chain falling down in front of it, and that pretty white dress of the finest linen, having one red rose pinned at the waist, and that dress of crimson silk with a deep lace collar ? And the young man who lodged in the room next theirs, he whose ally and stay was hunger—what adventures did he have ? There is no better ally than hunger for a young man, his creator declared. “ That satisfied and the game is up ; for hunger is life, ambition, good-will and understanding, while fullness is all those negatives which culminate in greediness, stupidity and decay.”

Since *The Charwoman's Daughter* appeared there have been memorable evocations of the Dublin scene—Joyce's *Ulysses*, Sean O'Casey's series of memoirs, and prior to it and to them there was George Moore's *Hail and Farewell*. But the Dublin Mary knew is the Dublin that one would feel most attached to. There were no rainy days there, it would seem. There were cloudy days that gave depth to the scene—“ a beautiful grey day with a massy sky which seemed as if it never could move again or change . . . one of these days when a street is no longer a congerie of houses huddling shamefully together and terrified lest anyone should look at them and laugh . . . the impress of a thousand memories, the historic visage becomes apparent . . . the great social beauty shines from the streets under this sky that broods like a thoughtful forehead.” On such a day one would surely go through Stephens Green, and crossing the bridge across the little lake one would look down and see hundreds of eels swimming about. “ Some of the eels swam along very slowly, looking on this side and on that as if they were out of work or up from the country while other whizzed by with incredible swiftness.” From there one would walk along Grafton Street and past Trinity College, and so to Phoenix Park along the Quays, watching the seagulls hovering above or swimming on the dark waters of the Liffey, reaching the quiet alleys sheltered by trees and groves of hawthorn.

But the thing that *The Charwoman's Daughter* really gives us is a share in the happiness of the poor. Make no mistake about this : James Stephens was not one of those tender-minded people who idealize inexcusable conditions : he knew the misery and humiliation that the poor are condemned to ; he wrote the terrible story *Hunger*, and he shows us the starvation confronting Mary and her mother when sickness comes on the charwoman. But the poor have a happiness, and through James Stephens' gift Mary and her mother share it with us—their attachment to the

few possessions that are theirs, their idealization of a world in which there seems to be security and ease, authority and abundance, their readiness for the simple enjoyment of common happenings, their reveries in which things are set right, their dreams of a more generous world.

The Crock of Gold is James Stephens' celebrated book : it has gone through edition after edition and reprinting after reprinting. The Leprecauns of Cloca Mora with their crock are at the centre of it, but there are other interesting beings. "There are whiskers on it," says the policeman who has taken hold of an obstreperous leprecaun on a dark road, "I never met whiskers so near the ground before." If a searching critic tells me there are incongruous elements in it I will have to agree ; if he tells me further that a brand of transcendentalism is promulgated that is too modern for anyone who knows about leprecauns to know anything about, I will have to agree again. But what odds ? "You would have a good time with us," says one of the leprecauns to the philosopher, "Travelling on a moonlit night and seeing strange things, for we often go to visit the Shee of the Hills and they come to see us ; there is always something to talk about, and we have dances in the caves and on the tops of the hills." And that is what *The Crock of Gold* is about—seeing strange things, finding something to talk about, visiting the Shee of the Hills, and getting out of our daily lives to such an extent that we can become intimate with donkeys, goats and cows. It has a procession of beings, mortal and immortal, an assembly out of the fields and streets, the raths and caves—leprecauns, philosophers and policemen, battered strollers in their quaintness and human wisdom, young girls, little girls and little boys, the alien god Pan and the native god Angus Og. Why is this book more popular than any other of James Stephens' books ? We all know that there is a world that is the other side of our day-by-day world : with all he has of intuition and reflection James Stephens in *The Crock of Gold* committed himself to this other side, and seeing him so wholeheartedly do this, we go wholeheartedly with him. This, I think, is the secret of *The Crock of Gold's* appeal.

Mind you, the world at the other side of our day-by-day world has its struggles and triumphs, its hunger and love. It is the very same as our own world except for one thing : a pressure is lifted, the pressure of time. With that element out, or rather,

with some of its density gone, the world has a fullness that was not known before. And the natural activities in that world are what the leprecaun recommends to the philosopher—"travelling on moonlit nights and seeing strange things, for we often go to visit the Shee of the Hills and they come to see us ; there is always something to talk about, and we have dances in the caves and on the tops of the hills."

The human entrants are refugees from Time. The leprecauns, of course are, and have always been in that world. But the philosophers in *The Crock of Gold*, or at least the survivor of the pair, has a lien on it, too—else why should the leprecaun take it for granted he could come into it—for they are enemies of Time, and they talk day and night because they are talking against Time. The only villains in James Stephens' books of this genre are persons who have such an obsession about time that they interrupt and intercept the philosophers : they are the philosophers' wives. *The Demi-gods*, a story about a seraph who is flung out of heaven and who rambles through Ireland with tinkers, deals with the same matters as *The Crock of Gold*. But it is not nearly so well known. This may be because, as a successor, it is overshadowed by the prestige of the first creation as sometimes happens with new genres. Or it may be because leprecauns are absent from *The Demi-gods*.

To retell the stories from the old epics, the sagas, the court romances was a challenge to Irish writers in James Stephens' early days. That challenge he took up in *The Land of Youth*, *Deirdre* and *Irish Fairy Tales*. With his humour, poetry, fantasy, extravagance—the old story-tellers combines these qualities, too—he made narratives out of them that have all his distinctiveness. Characteristically he makes shrewd use of the double time that is in the old stories—the time of the world of Faerie and the time of human computation. None except James Stephens could tell without hesitation or embarrassment how the wife of the king of Ireland leaves her husband one Sunday morning, enters on a series of adventures that take a couple of chapters to recount, and is back before he notices that she has left the conjugal domicile.

The problem of transferring imaginative creations from one literature to another is first of all the problem of penetrating what has to be transferred with one's own imagination and then of finding an idiom and a pattern that will represent what is

characteristic in the original. James Stephens did all this in *The Land of Youth*, *Deirdre* and *Irish Fairy Tales*. He made himself at ease with the strange stories of Maeve's or of Cormac's Ireland ; his own idiom with its combination of humour, poetry, fantasy and extravagance was in line with that of the old storytellers ; he found a pattern which brings over to us the peculiarities of the originals. And he went beyond all this by creating a society and a land in which such things can happen. Certainly his personages live according to strange customs, but who are we to compare theirs with ours ? Their manners are kind and majestic ; they have endowments of beauty, pride and nobility. The Tara of these stories is a grander place than any archeological measurements show us, for it is what the storytellers dreamed it to be, "the Lofty City, the Secret Place of the Road of Life," and whether it is possessed by Eochaid or Cormac or Dermot, has in it people who are natural even though their careers mingle with the careers of beings of another world.

Personally I think that *Irish Fairy Tales* is James Stephens' most fascinating book. It has never attained the popularity it should have come into and sustained. With 'fairy tales' in the title the prospective reader, I imagine, thought of equivalents for Grimm and then found that what was in the book was at a long distance from Grimm's or from any other fairy tales he had ever read, or turning to it as a book for children found that to enjoy it one had to be adult. Its title landed it between two stools. What James Stephens gave us in this book are not fairy stories in the conventional sense though beings from another world move in and out of them. The originals belonged to the repertoire of the professional story-tellers and reflected aristocratic and not folk life.

The two that are my favourites in *Irish Fairy Tales* are "Mongan's Frenzy" and "The Wooing of Becfola," and I think either would be hard to beat as a representative of the storyteller's art. It could be said that their originality is due to the peculiar pattern of the originals. Yes, but if one took the trouble to read the literal translations of these stories (they are given in a book published a few years ago, Dr. Myles Dillon's *The Cycles of the Kings*) one's admiration for James Stephens' art would be heightened. I have said that the pattern of these stories is peculiar. But the pattern of "Mongan's Frenzy" is so peculiar that one wonders how any storyteller could have related it without crazing his hearers.

There are white cows that are taken from a hag so that their meat might cure the sickness of a king. There is an invasion of a country to get compensation for the hag. There are venomous sheep that are loosed on the invader. There is a supernatural personage who offers the invading king a dog that will drive off the venomous sheep on condition that the king gives him the right to visit his wife. Then there is a love story that concerns Mongan, the child of the supernatural father. The lady he is betrothed to is taken away by the King of Leinster who, however, pledges himself not to become her husband for a year. The hag of the first part of the story reappears. Mongan, putting to use some of the sorcery he has learned transforms her into a young beauty and brings her to an entertainment that the King of Leinster is giving for his marriage to Mongan's betrothed. The King of Leinster falls in love with her and takes her instead of Mongan's lady, and Mongan and his servant with their wives ride off, leaving the King of Leinster to waken up, the hag beside him, to the mockery of his servants. It is then casually mentioned that the hero Fionn was a re-incarnation of Mongan.

How could one make all this plausible enough for a story, find a centre for it and deliver it in a fashion that would be beguiling enough to hold us? If it hadn't been done I should be ready to assure the world that it couldn't be done. But there it is in *Irish Fairy Tales*, a brilliant and entertaining story. "Becuma of the White Skin" and "The Wooing of Becfola" are fascinating stories, too. Indeed the story of King Dermot and the mysterious lady who was known at Tara as The Little-Dowered, Becfola, is to my mind, James Stephens at his best.

Here are examples of the humour and fantasy of *The Irish Fairy Tales* both taken from "Mongan's Frenzy." The first is where the king, roosting precariously on a tree is given the hound :—

Now if the sheep were venomous, this dog was more venomous still, for it was fearful to look at. In body it was not large, but its head was of great size, and the mouth that was shaped in that head was able to open like the lid of a pot. It was not teeth which were in that head, but hooks and fangs and prongs. Dreadful was that mouth to look at, terrible to look into, woeful to think about; and from it, or from the broad, loose nose that wagged above it there came a sound which no word of man could describe, for it was not a snarl, nor was it a howl, although it was both of these; it was neither

a growl nor a grunt, although it was both of these ; it was not a yowl nor a groan, although it was both of these : for it was one sound made up of these sounds, and there was in it, too, a whine and a yelp, and a long-drawn snoring noise, and a deep purring noise, and a noise that was like the squeal of a rusty hinge, and there were other noises in it also

"There is nothing to frighten sheep like a dog," said Manaanan, "and there is nothing to frighten these sheep like this dog."

The other passage is about the King of Leinster's awakening :—

In the morning the servants came to awaken the King of Leinster, and when they saw the face of the hag lying on the pillow beside the king, and her nose all covered with whiskers and her big foot and little foot sticking away out at the end of the bed, they began to laugh and thump one another on the shoulder, so that the noise awakened the king, and he asked what was the matter with them at all. It was then that he saw the hag lying beside him, and he gave a great screech and jumped out of bed.

"Aren't you the Hag of the Mill ?" said he.

"I am indeed," she replied, "and I love you dearly."

"I wish I didn't see you," said Branduv.

In his talk he could go on to what in any other talker would be a superb invention, and then cap it with something extravagant, profound, or poetical, and this with a promptitude that one would remember as a feat. Few things in speech have stayed with me as vividly as something he said when James Joyce was speaking, as Joyce sometimes did, of persecutions. Suddenly James Stephens' hand shot out and cried " You are a king, and a king should have an eye to see and an arm to strike ! " From anybody else this would have been an extravagance, but the energy that was of justice was behind the exclamation : it was what the occasion called for ; it reminded a harassed man of what a great lineage he belonged to. I think after that they both sang ballads ; I have a recollection of Stephens, his eyes closed, his hands folded singing " Cockles and mussels alive, alive O ! " But my mind was on the rightness and readiness of his response.

SHAW

By P. S. O'Hegarty.

IN one of the autobiographical fragments of his last years Shaw stated that his first attempt at writing was a contribution sent to the Editor of a boys' paper. He did not say what the paper was, nor did he say the nature of the contribution, nor whether it had been printed. But there appears, in Edwin J. Brett's paper, *Young Men of Great Britain*, Vol. II, No. 34, 15 September, 1868, the following in the *Correspondence* column :—

G. B. Shaw, (1) write to Mr. Lacy, Theatrical publisher, Strand, London, W.C. (2) "Jane Shore" is published every Tuesday. (3) For twelve your handwriting is very good.

There can be no doubt to whom this refers, and it may not unfairly be taken as establishing two things. Firstly, Shaw was a normal boy of his generation, or, in fact, of any generation. He read the weekly "Dreadful" papers of his day, and he read the penny dreadfuls, published in weekly numbers, as well. The serial stories in the paper at this date were *Friend or Foe*, a tale of School and the World, *The Young Settler*, or White and Red, *The Harbour Master's Secret*, or the Wreck of the Golden Eagle, *Walter Raleigh*, or the Scholar, Gentleman, and Soldier, and *The Black Tower of Linden*, or the Foster Brother's revenge. *Jane Shore*, or the Goldsmith's Wife, was at the same time being published in weekly numbers by the other of Brett's papers, *The Boys of England*. This sort of reading, which parents are apt to look askance at, continues to be read by normal boys of every generation. Secondly, Shaw at twelve was leaning towards the Theatre.

In a writing career of approximately seventy years Shaw produced almost every kind of prose. He began with a pamphlet for the Fabian Society, the first of a long line of writing on social reorganization and economics, wrote novels, dramatic criticism, musical criticism, and, finally, plays, as well as a mass of miscellaneous writing of all sorts, from philosophy, politics, and eugenics down to spelling reform. Everything which he touched he adorned, and he left nothing quite the same as it was before he turned his attention to it. His slant on every question was original, and his writing was original. He used to express a debt

to Karl Marx and Samuel Butler, but when he did so I always fancied he must be giving a sardonic twist to one of his eyebrows as he wrote it. He adopted their theories but hardly their interpretations. I can well imagine the dismay with which they both would have greeted the way in which he transformed the dull, serious, rigmarole of the one and the dyspeptic pessimism of the other, into something human, genial, and aggressive. The doctrine of influence in literature has been carried too far in the criticism of the last thirty years, but whatever may be said of the influence of a great writer or a minor writer, the great writer is really influenced by nobody. There is genius, and the really great writer possesses it. Shaw borrowed from nobody.

He was first and foremost an iconoclast. He believed, as sincerely as did Carlyle, that the population of England consisted of so many millions, mostly fools ; and to stir them up he examined and riddled every single one of their traditional beliefs, customs, and hopes. Nothing was sacred to him, not even the new God Science. Codology, whether it was aristocratic or scientific or proletarian he detested, and against it he was constantly on the attack. There has never been so great a conversationalist, never so great a master of the art of persuasive but devastating propaganda. He irritated everybody, not because he ridiculed their traditions, beliefs, and hopes, but because he did it unanswerably. There was always a strong element of the truth in even his most outrageous statements, and what infuriated people was that while they knew perfectly well there was a catch in it somewhere they could not find it. Whether they liked it or not, they were forced to examine their consciences, to think about the things they believed in and worked for, to try and understand them, and no longer to accept things because they were a part of general tradition or general belief or general hope. Max Beerbohm's caricature of him standing on his head to the surprise of an onlooker, with the caption "Mild surprise of one who, returning to England after long absence, finds that the dear fellow has not moved," is a profound criticism. He stood on his head in order to attract attention but, having attracted it, he never let go until he had profoundly and seriously stirred and disturbed his readers.

A prime destroyer of illusions, he had his own illusions. A belief that if you gave every man ten pounds a week it made all men equal and abolished all natural inequality, a belief that if Duchesses married Dustmen the sex war would be changed into

something most admirable, a belief that man was made for the State, and that work would be a joy to him when the bad Capitalist had been liquidated and the State put in his place. *The Intelligent Woman's Guide* (1928), the mature expression of this and similar illusions, contains such things as this :—

Coals have become a necessary of life in our climate ; and they are dreadfully dear. As I write these lines it is mid-summer, when coals are cheapest ; and a circular dated the 16th June offers me drawingroom coal for thirty-six and threepence a ton, and anthracite for seventy shillings. That is much more than the average cost. Why must I pay it ? Why must you pay it ? Simply because the coal industry is not yet nationalized. It is private property. [Page 107] and every fable about the iniquities of the Capitalist and the virtues of the worker is worked in. His absorption in Socialism as a political and economic cure-all was his blind spot, and made him, in general, support Imperialism or bringing the small peoples in line with a degree of social and economic " progress " which of themselves they could not attain to. He defended England's attack on the Boer Republics, Italy's attack on Abyssinia, Russia's attack on Poland, and the general principle of the " liquidation " [i.e. the mass murder] of dissentient political groups—this last a curious aberration seeing how frantically he objected to fox-hunting and the like. So much of the general mass of his writing on political social and economic questions is shot through with beliefs as illusory as those he attacked that his doctrine on these questions is unlikely to survive. But much of the writing will, as writing. He wrote as Swift and Griffith wrote, and as Parnell spoke, in language understandable by everybody who can read. His style is clear, persuasive, telling, and masterly, and his most provocative and most illusory brilliances can be read over and over again for the delight of their perfect expression. He pleases, entrails, and stimulates. Carlyle was read for his message, despite his style : Shaw was read for his style, despite his message.

His real achievement, however, lies in his plays. He had evolved to its full extent his egalitarian socialism in all its aspects before he turned to playwriting. But all of it, his work among the Fabians, his street-corner oratory, lectures to clubs and societies, letters to the press, Wagnerism and Ibsenism and municipal trading and all those, had made him known amongst the cranks, had given him bread and butter, but had given him

neither fame nor reputation nor widespread influence. It was the plays that brought him these.

His first play, *Widowers' Houses*, was written and produced in 1892. In the ten years that followed he wrote nine other significant plays, including *Arms and the Man*, *Candida*, *You Never Can Tell*, and *Caesar and Cleopatra*. These were produced in semi-private fashion by one of the Stage Societies or in short runs by experimental producers. They were attracting a public but they had not begun to pay their way, and they were finding their way to Germany, where they were very highly thought of, and to America. Then he "burst out into sudden blaze" in 1904/5 with a series of matinee productions which culminated in *Man and Superman* in 1905, which so captured the critics and the matinee audiences that it was at once produced in the regular manner at the Court Theatre by J. E. Vedrenne and Granville Barker, and after that he never looked back, his plays becoming more and more popular, the old ones and the new ones being played and replayed. It was the plays, and the prefaces which are an integral part of them, that made and maintained his reputation, at home and abroad, and placed him on so high a pinnacle in contemporary Letters that his lightest word was fought for by journalists and Editors the world over. For nearly fifty years he was, by common consent, the greatest all-round intelligence writing in England.

All his writing was provocative, stimulating, and didactic. But, alone amongst didactic writers, in his plays he always gave the devil his due, and a fair hearing. He indicated his choice clearly, but the alternatives were fairly and clearly given. No writer has ever seen so clearly all sides of a question at one and the same time. And in the plays he was, unconsciously, an artist, doing creative work, not merely stating a case. He not alone put on the stage the men and women of his own time, not alone their characters and their attitudes, but their ideas, their hopes, their fears. Ideas and arguments took bodily form, and were revealed as men and women, things as human as character, shot through with man's inconsistency, curiosity, and indistinguishable urge towards change, towards the unknown. He was the latest, and the most distinguished, of that line of comic dramatists which contains so many Irish names.

There are not wanting signs that he himself regarded *Man and Superman* as his masterpiece. It is, any way. It is the play

of his prime, completed when he was forty-seven. There are nine significant plays before it and eleven after it, the last being *Saint Joan*. After *Saint Joan* he wrote no play of any significance, none in which the balance of his prime was preserved. After *Saint Joan* there is an increasing divergence from actual life, an increasing incursion of the bizarre and the unconvincing. But *Man and Superman*, with its preface and its *Revolutionists Handbook*, is his masterpiece and his quintessence. The other social comedies lead up to it and derive from it. Together, they make a formidable body of dramatic work.

DRAMATIC COMMENTARY

By A. J. Leventhal

THE OXFORD COMPANION TO THE THEATRE. Edited by Phyllis Hartnoll. Oxford University Press. Price 35s.

The dictionary defines the word 'companion' as an 'educational or devotional manual.' There is little doubt as to the cultural value of this new Oxford Press production, and disregarding the technical implication of the word 'devotional,' we find, in the enthusiastic editorial devotion to her task on the part of Miss Hartnoll, evidence of a worshipping approach to all matters appertaining to the theatre. Her task was enormous and could never have been achieved within the ten years of its preparation without the fixed undeviating purpose of a faith capable of moving Iron Curtains. That the use of the word 'enormous' is no casual claim, in the manner of the modern advertising fraternity insensitive to the meaning of words, will be appreciated when it is known that this book deals with the theatre in all ages and in all countries—from Ancient Greece to the U.S.S.R.

The intention, however, is to stress that which is 'theatre' more than the literary content of dramatic writing. The study of the stage as entertainment rather than as a vehicle for literature is the avowed object of the editor. But this approach need not necessarily be contradictory. Much of nineteenth century English poetic drama was, it is true, published without either the hope of stage presentation or indeed without any idea at all that such presentation was necessary for the poetry play's complete fulfilment as dramatic art. The Elizabethans certainly did not divorce entertainment from literature, and writers in this present century have made a determined effort to make poetry and stage just as natural bedfellows as they were in those times and in the days of Aeschylus.

Despite the introductory insistence that this one-volume encyclopaedia is prepared for those who would rather see a play than read it, the literary aspect of drama is dealt with in far greater measure than such an editorial attitude might lead us to expect. The standpoint that the accent is to be put on entertainment gives an opportunity of bringing it forward as an excuse for omissions. The biographical notice of W. B. Yeats, who appears not only under the rubric

'Ireland' but also under his own name, draws attention to the manner and content of all his early plays, but mentions only one dramatic composition after *The Words Upon the Window Pane*, viz., *Purgatory*. There is no mention at all of *The Herne's Egg* or *The Death of Cuchulain*—plays which may have, at first reading, appeared to have had little dramatic value. Their presentation, however, by the Lyric Theatre Co. at the Abbey Theatre after the poet's death showed that Yeats had not studied stagecraft in vain and that in *The Herne's Egg* there were opportunities for producer and actor justifying its lusty symbolism.

The Lyric Theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue, London, which was founded in the year 1888, and the theatre of the same name which began in Hammersmith in 1890, are competently noted, but the Lyric Theatre Co., referred to above, founded by Austin Clarke for the purpose of reviving poetical drama in Ireland about nine years ago, receives no mention at all. Nor is there any record of Mr. Clarke himself, who, as author of several successful plays in verse that have been seen on the stage of at least two Dublin theatres, ought to have been included. That he is still living and working can hardly excuse the omission, for full notices are to be found on Mr. Christopher Fry, another fighter for poetry on the stage, on Mr. Denis Johnston and Mr. Maxwell Anderson.

The Abbey Theatre and the Irish dramatic movement generally are given the space and examination which their importance demands. George Fitzmaurice, however, who, while he is mentioned in the general notice of the Irish movement, has no separate biography. That he, too, is alive will not excuse the omission of a record of the works of the author of that imperishable fantasy, *The Magic Glasses*. It is not enough to dismiss him by saying that his farce, *The Country Dressmaker*, is representative of its writer.

"Some of the original leaders—A E, Martyn, George Moore and Padraic Colum—were either men of letters who contributed an occasional play, or writers who began as playwrights and afterwards developed along other lines." This sentence is contained in the notice on Ireland which we have been discussing. If A E is consulted under his name, a cross-reference brings you back to the same article. The same holds good for Edward Martyn. Padraic Colum, however, is fully treated in his own right. But look under the Ms for George Moore and you look in vain. That Moore was only associated with the beginnings of the Irish dramatic movement is certainly true. But so dramatic is this association, so important is Moore himself that it seems strange that we should not be told that he had six plays to his name and that he was co-author with Yeats of *Diarmuid and Grania*—a play produced at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, fifty years ago and which was first published last quarter in this magazine.

All this sounds like carping, but we feel that such comments should be made about a work which is so useful and which amateurs of the theatre are likely to consult for many years. Run through the letter P and you will find informative articles on Pantomime, Play, Poetic Drama and Producer. No critic with this book near him need ever be at a loss for a date or an introductory historical paragraph. No actor need ever be ignorant as to how his forbears made themselves up. Technical terms relating to stage production and scenery are lucidly defined or a cross-reference given to a general subject where the explanation may be found.

Histories of theatres all over the world receive succinct treatment, and there are lengthy articles on such varied subjects as Jesuit and Jewish drama. Marionettes have their origins explained, and if you have forgotten or never knew whence came the phrases 'penny plain' and 'twopence coloured,' you can learn all about them if you look up TOY THEATRE.

Merely to turn the leaves of an ordinary dictionary is often rewarding, but *The Oxford Companion to the Theatre* has exciting and occasionally humorous items on almost every page. Returning to the Ms., we find MISTINGUETT—that seemingly immortal attraction of the Folies-Bergère that our grandfathers raved about and whom we ourselves have admired. She has, we are told, "the reputedly most beautiful, and certainly most highly insured, legs in the entertainment world." But most interesting of all the facts concerning her is the date of her birth—1875. She still dances, and when the reviewer saw her twelve years ago her legs could not have been rated highly enough either aesthetically or by insurance premium.

Brought back to the music-hall, let us look up ALBERT WHELAN. He, too, is the eternal entertainer and, curiously enough, was born in the same year as Mistinguett. About him there is the interesting note that he was the first comedian to use a signature tune ("Lustige Brüder"). He whistled entrance tune, his immaculate evening dress, his tall hat, his stick, his white gloves, and his wrist-watch have remained unchanged throughout his long music-hall career.

And, finally, let us quote the entry against one Sam Collins which caught our eye as we turned the leaves of this 900-paged work of theatrical reference:—

COLLINS, SAM (1826-1865), a chimney-sweep, whose real name was Samuel Vagg. He was the original music-hall Irish comedian, first appearing at Evan's Song and Supper Rooms to sing 'Paddy's Wedding' and 'The Limerick Races,' and then starring at all the London halls, including the first of them, the Canterbury. He was later proprietor of the Marylebone Music-Hall, and then opened at Islington Green the music-hall which still bears his name, though it is sometimes used as a repertory theatre. On his tomb in Kensal Green Cemetery are carved pictures of his hat, the shillelagh and the shamrock, with which he always appeared.

The writer of this note had a sense of humour as well as an historical sense.

An encyclopaedia can, by definition, be dull, but anyone with an interest in the theatre would find it difficult to discover one page in three in which the information is not illumined by acute observation, apposite comment and a sympathetic style. It is difficult to understand how this work can be offered for sale at 35s.; it is easy to imagine that many people will avail themselves of the offer.

Art Notes

By Edward Sheehy.

ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY OF ARTS.

PAINTINGS (1945-51), by Daniel O'Neill. The Victor Waddington Galleries.

GROUP SHOW BY THE DUBLIN PAINTERS. The Gallery, St. Stephen's Green.

EXHIBITION BY THE WATERCOLOUR SOCIETY OF IRELAND. C.Y.M.A. Hall, Molesworth Street.

EXHIBITION BY FIVE IRISH PAINTERS. The Tooth Gallery, London.

PAINTINGS BY ORLA KNUDSEN. The Dublin Painters' Gallery.

If we are to judge this year's Academy by its native exhibits, it must be voted duller than usual, on the whole. The best of the moderns are at the moment spreading their wings farther afield, in England and America, or wisely retain their pictures for one-man shows, leaving the native academic field almost wholly to the nominal and virtual Academician. On its results I doubt the advisability of this year's innovation, whereby three Irish artists resident in London were empowered to select exhibits of the English guest artists. There is bound to be inconsistency when these academic proconsuls include Sir Gerald Kelly, President of the Royal Academy, on the one hand, and Louis le Brocqy, perhaps the most consciously sophisticated of our moderns, on the other, each selecting independently. It may be a personal idiosyncrasy, but I find the effort of switching from, say, the impressive, abstract *Painting 1950* by Francis Bacon, or the bold cubism of William Scott's *Still Life (Yellow Table)*, to anything like an appreciation of even the most conscientious academic craftsmanship or the still valuable traditional virtuosity to the critic who in any way catholic the conflicting values tend to cancel one another out. They cannot both be contemplated with the same mind. Concentration on one, in the attempt to assess its value within its own category, tends to render the other meaningless. This may all sound rather self-conscious; but, unfortunately, the critic is not one who can sit back in passive contemplation, except, rarely, in the presence of, to him, an unquestioned masterpiece, and even then, if he is to say anything at all, he is compelled to irritate his mind into producing the reasons why.

Approaching the Academy *qua* Academy one is first appalled by the failure to adhere to any reasonable standard of taste or craftsmanship. In their kind, Maurice MacGonigal's *Portrait of the Artist's Wife* shows a masterly control of his medium and a subtle sense of colour; Sean O'Sullivan's *Dr. Barbara Moran* has character and verve; Robertson Craig's *Coming of Age* has charm, delicacy and delightful colour. But it is difficult to see how they can maintain the pretence of a standard against a score of portraits which are either dull and meaningless or plainly and insensitively vulgar. Outside portraiture, John Keating's *The Fleet's In* or *Fathallaigh* have a formal rightness and a nice deliberation of paint, as well as that curious, half ironic, half sympathetic feeling for life characteristic of his best work; Charles Lambe's western landscapes, notably *The Harbour at Low Tide*, are formally simple and subtle in colour without losing strength and directness of vision; Fergus O'Ryan's *Smith and Pearson's Forge* is a bold and successful exercise in Impressionism. Not quite as academic in execution as in spirit was George Campbell's *Cold Day, Ulster Town* with its strong atmosphere defined almost wholly by colour. Patrick Hennessy's large canvas *The Voice in the Wilderness* I found disappointingly empty for its size and its surrealist-flavoured atmosphere decidedly unsympathetic

in relation to the title. I liked Michael Burke's *The Public House*, with its sombre colour and subtly evoked atmosphere; though its paint had not the refined quality of Edward le Bas' treatment of the same theme in *Public Bar*.

Among the work by guest artists, I found Hans Feibusch's *Pieta* strong and simply austere, a most satisfying handling of his theme. Expressionism of this kind, as with the work of Jack B. Yeats, is less violently incongruous in the academic *milieu*, rises above its painstaking stodginess instead of offering a flat contradiction, as does abstract or predominantly formalist painting. This, I think, is due to the fact that Expressionism is still at one in intent with the dominant tradition in European painting, differing only in its attitude to the means. Stanley Spencer's *Syringa* (the title involves a common botanical solecism) was disappointing, lacking, as it did, anything of that painter's very individual flavour and style. It may have been the fault of its environment that I failed to get anything from Graham Sutherland's *Standing Form*. Joanne Pemberton-Longman's *A Nice Cup of Tea* was well built and had pleasant paint.

The best of the sculpture was, as might be expected, in the neo-Classical tradition of Rodin, led by Jacob Epstein's magnificent portrait-head of Dr. Bethel Solomons, a work of strength and sensitivity. In the same mode, Seamus Murphy, with portraits of Professor Denis Gwynn, Gerald Y. Goldberg and Torna (the late Professor Tadhg O Donnchadha), seems to be our leading Irish sculptor. He has both the craft and the feeling for character; while his essays in more original and creative fields save his work in this from the danger of the commonplace which besets so much of any kind of academic portraiture. I liked particularly the formal concentration and subdued lyricism of *Siamese Cat* by the French sculptor, Charles Artus. This work, so complete in itself, so untroubled in its beauty, gives the impression of belonging to a civilisation other than ours. *Armelle*, by Terry de Valera, with its nice simplicity, shows promise at least in the academic field.

Daniel O'Neill's one-man show, retrospective to 1945, establishes the conviction that he is a confirmed Romantic. It is not only that he has the Romantic's attitude to everyday life which compels him attempt to recreate its essence after the dictates of a peculiar aesthetic idealism; but one finds in him also, untroubled and unashamed, elements out of Romanticism's callower days, the cultivated melancholy of spirit (*Prisoner of the Earth* is pure Werther), the wanderlust of the imagination seeking perfection in faraway time or place expressed in pictures like *The Minstrels*, or *The Young Emperor*, his impulse to clothe the commonplace in a garb of sombre mystery, even of doom, most successful in pictures like *Old Houses* or *Derelict City*. The social realist, if he still exists, may well label this pure escapism; but to me there is a stimulating richness in O'Neill's wholehearted rejection of the literal and the utilitarian. Add to this his consummate mastery of a varied and individual idiom expressed in the subtlety of his colour and the sensuous beauty of the quality of his paint. This, of course, is O'Neill at his best and would apply to three-fourths of the pictures at his present show, which would, I think, have gained from a more stringent selection, eliminating an obvious *tour de force* like the Renoiresque *The Hat* or the callow obviousness of *Young Man With a Rose*, and a few more which, though undoubtedly interesting, take from the extraordinarily high level of the show at its best. Before ending I should like to mention his *Girl From the North*, which has a quiet and sustained beauty reminiscent of Giorgione,

The Dublin Painters' group show might serve as a kind of antechamber to the Academy in so far as its members are either Academicians or Associate Academicians in fact or prospect. Their one *fauve* is the mild and lyrical Rev. J. P. Hanlon, whose two works here, *The Flower Shop* and *Autumn Flowers*, have a certain spontaneous freshness in their free calligraphy and purity of colour. Patrick Hennessy is the chief exponent of the academic values with the extraordinary virtuosity of his still-life *Cherubs and Lemons*. I don't feel by any means happy with his self-portrait in *In a Room*, which evokes, I think unwittingly, the atmosphere of a high-class penny-dreadful. Robertson Craig's *The Race*, though painted over-carefully, seems to be the product of a factitious sensibility. I liked a number of canvases by Henry Healy, who paints with a sound and strictly confined palette, notably *Tuileries, Quai de Louvre*. His work, if not strikingly original, has a certain honest individuality. Robert Burke continues to produce *pastiche* of Jack B. Yeats; but the effect is laboured beside that of its prototype. Kitty Wilmer O'Brien's *Spring, Fitzwilliam Square* would have been effective but for a large area on the top left hand corner of the canvas where the painting was marked by carelessness or indecision.

The Watercolour Society of Ireland suffers even more than the Academy from the too obvious discrepancy between the small proportion of interesting work among its one hundred and seventy exhibits which, at times, reach very low levels of callow amateurishness indeed. In spite of this, their annual shows have grown more interesting at the top level within the past few years; though the spectator needs patience to wade through the intervening and unrewarding stretches of dullness. I would suggest it as an interesting hunting ground for those in search of coming talent.

I was particularly taken by two pictures by Basil Rakoczi, *The Forest* and *Boy Asleep in a Cornfield*, which, in spirit though not in technique, suggest the work of Chagall. Louise Griffin's *Near Old Bawn* shows her to have a selective eye for the essentials of a picture and the ability to compose strongly. Olive Henry's *Church, Winter* has imagination and a certain simple originality. I like several pictures by Violet McAdoo. She paints with spontaneity and composes well. Tom Nisbet, lyrical, quiet and effortless as usual, was well represented.

The Irish exhibition in London is representative of the best in modern Irish painting. With the exception of Louis le Brocqy the painters selected are the same as those who made up the exhibition sponsored by the Boston Institute of Contemporary Arts last year and which met with such enthusiastic acclaim in America. The London exhibition is most impressive, particularly so in the work of Colin Middleton whose *Isaiah 54*, of controversial memory, is included. His *Dark Horses* is a magnificent picture, emotionally and chromatically rich. Daniel O'Neill is well represented, particularly in the simple and lyrical *A Young Prince*. Thurloe Conolly, Neville Johnson and Gerard Dillon make up the list with characteristic work. Also in London Louis le Brocqy is having a very successful show at Gimpel Fils.

Orla Knudsen is a young Norwegian, living in Dublin, who has taken up painting only recently. While most of his work bears still the mark of the amateur in its technical uncertainty and general lack of direction, he is not without promise. I particularly liked his *From my Window* for its good colour and consistent atmosphere.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE WORKS OF GEORGE BERKELEY. Volume Four. Edited by A. A. Luce, M.C., D.D., Litt.D. Nelson. 30s.

In the edition of Berkeley's works prepared by Professor Luce and Professor Jessop, the fourth volume, edited by Professor Luce, consists of his miscellaneous writings on mathematics, physics and natural history. The plan adopted has been to give, because of their importance, *De Motu* and the *Analyst* with its mathematical sequels in chronological order, and to group the other writings according to subject-matter, their interest being mainly biographical.

In the introduction to *De Motu*, Professor Luce refers to what had prompted the treatise—the offer by the Paris Academy of Science in 1720 of a prize for an essay on the 'cause of Motion'—but stresses that "the French prize, if it was the occasion, was not the motive. Berkeley had the work in mind some fifteen years before he wrote it; it is a sequel to the great works of his youth, and must be read in conjunction with them." Critical comment on, and an analysis of, a work arising out of the *Principles* as a necessary part of Berkeley's major battle against materialism, his attack on the abstractions and obscurities that stuff the cavities of thought, is followed by the Latin text and a translation of it. The skill with which Berkeley's style in English is captured may be judged from even one passage:

"To throw light on nature it is idle to adduce things which are neither evident to the senses, nor intelligible to reason. Let us see then what sense and experience tell us, and reason that rests upon them. There are two supreme classes of things, body and soul. By the help of sense we know the extended thing, solid, mobile, figured, and endowed with other qualities which meet the senses, but the sentient, percipient, thinking thing we know by a certain internal consciousness. Further we see that those things are plainly different from one another, and quite heterogeneous. I speak of things known; for of the unknown it is profitless to speak."

The introduction to the *Analyst* recounts its interesting origin. The only philosophical work written by Berkeley in England, its defence of the Christian religion is addressed to 'an infidel mathematician.' The suggestion that he had Newton in mind is refuted by Professor Luce who accepts Stock's statement that Dr. Halley, the Astronomer Royal, was in fact addressed. He continues:

"To the ecclesiastics of the day the *Analyst* was a useful piece of tactics, a diversion, a counter-attack which helped to keep the mathematical theorists in their place. . . . Its true religious interest lies deeper. . . . It bids mathematicians examine their own principles before they exclaim against mystery; it shows that mathematics has no monopoly of reason, or religion a monopoly of mystery, and it puts the whole case in the graphic epigram 'He who can digest a second or third fluxion . . . need not, methinks, be squeamish about any point in divinity.' "

To the analysis is appended a concise section on the controversy that followed the publication of the long-influential *Analyst*. *A Defence of Free-thinking in Mathematics* is Berkeley's pungent and vigorous rejoinder to Dr. Jurin's critical attack on the former work. One can well believe that he wrote it with vast appreciation of his own dexterity in argument.

"And after all you have said or can say, I believe the unprejudiced reader will think with me, that things obscure are not therefore sacred; and that it is no more a crime to canvass and detect unsound principles or false reasonings in mathematics than in any other part of learning."

But its special interest now lies, Professor Luce points out, in the fact that Berkeley was fifty years old when he wrote it, and that "at that mature age he stood over every detail of his early doctrine of abstraction."

Arithmetica and *Miscellanea Mathematica* were one work and his first publication; and whether the reader is mathematically inclined or not, he will appreciate the quality of a student, barely twenty years of age, who could so adroitly deal with the principles of Arithmetic in excellent Latin. The book concludes with the important if small work in manuscript *Of Infinites*, and the brief writings on natural history.

Consummate scholarship, clarity and masterly analysis mark the editing of this, as of the previous volumes of Berkeley's works.

A HISTORY OF THE CRUSADES. Vol. I: The First Crusade and the Foundation of the Kingdom of Jerusalem. By Steven Runciman. Cambridge University Press. 25s.

Mr. Runciman with his great learning, admirable style and belief that the supreme duty of the historian is "to attempt to record in one sweeping sequence the greater events and movements that have swayed the destinies of man" has finely accomplished the exceedingly difficult task of writing the history of the First Crusade down to the foundation of the Frankish kingdom of Jerusalem. This invasion of eastern lands by the west in all its complexity of military, political and religious intention and against a vast and vehement background of heresies and nascent nationalism, orthodoxies and empire, of rival powers, demands, if its significance is to be understood, what Mr. Runciman brings to his study: the ability to present a coherent, balanced and dynamic pattern of the whole, that yet reveals the piety, courage, cruelty and intrigues of individuals. The Empress Helena, "most exalted and most successful of the world's great archaeologists": St. Jerome at Bethlehem with his following of fashionable women; the triumphant lady of Maurienne who "brought back from her travels the thumb of St. John the Baptist"; the Caliph Omar entering Jerusalem in A.D. 638 in worn, filthy robes, riding upon a white camel before his unkempt but disciplined army, and at his side the heartbroken Patriarch Sophronius; the merciful Byzantine Emperor, Alexius Comnenus, "the greatest statesman of his time," who perhaps learnt some of his statecraft in a court full of difficult relatives: these are but a few of the figures that colour these notable pages of early history.

This is the first of three volumes on the Crusades. What the complete book will give the reader, Mr. Runciman indicates in his preface:

"Whether we regard them as the most tremendous and most romantic of Christian adventures or as the last of the barbarian invasions, the Crusades form a central fact in medieval history.... Before they faded out the hegemony in civilization had passed to western Europe. Out of this transference modern history was born; but to understand it we must understand

not only the circumstances in western Europe that led to the Crusading impulse but, perhaps still more, the circumstances in the East that gave to the Crusaders their opportunity and shaped their progress and their withdrawal. . . . To tell the story from the point of view of the Franks alone or of the Arabs alone or even of its chief victims, the Christians of the East, is to miss its significance. For, as Gibbon saw, it was the story of the World's Debate."

JOHN CASSIAN. A study in primitive monasticism. By Owen Chadwick. Cambridge University Press. pp. 213, with Index and Bibliography. 15s.

John Cassian is an important, but strangely unsatisfactory, figure in the history of the Christian Church. He lived in times which were both doctrinally and politically stirring. He was a contemporary of St. Augustine in whose doctrine of grace he discerned a threat to moral responsibility; he has also the ring of the existentialist in his writings, conscious that with the sack of Rome civilisation as the world knew it, was collapsing, and insistent that the battle must be fought in the spiritual realm. Thus he is best known as a master of the contemplative life, for whom the desert was a battle-ground. "Fight, strive, struggle, resist, conquer—are the key-words of the Institutes." There is something Kierkegaardian about this. *Pugno, ergo sum.*

Mr. Chadwick has presented Cassian in all his complexity with competence and scholarship. Copious and often tedious are the Collations and Institutes of Cassian, but there is gold in them to be sifted. Cassian is one of those, who, like Irenaeus before him, provides an important link between East and West. He helps the twain to meet, and succeeds in interpreting the Eastern way of asceticism for the West. An indefatigable researcher, rather than an original thinker, Cassian provided essential material for the Benedictine rule whose influence throughout the West became so significant.

Mr. Chadwick's study is the first full-length work in English to be published on this subject. It serves as an excellent introduction to Monasticism, and it presents a clear and well-ordered description of the theology and practice of asceticism. He gives a reasoned, but not uncritical, *apologia* for Cassian's semi-pelagian beliefs, and demonstrates how powerful can be the influence of theology upon life and manners. In an appendix, Mr. Chadwick discourages the theory that John Cassian's writings became well-known in Ireland; even granting the historicity of St. Patrick's sojourn at Lérins, there is no trace of Cassian's influence in the writings of the saint, and very little evidence that later Irish writers knew his works.

G. O. S.

Albert E. Sloman: THE SOURCES OF CALDERÓN'S EL PRÍNCIPE CONSTANTE. Modern Language Studies. Basil Blackwell. Oxford. 1950. 15s.

Calderón de la Barca, while epitomizing all that is most Spanish, also attains a degree of universality shared by no other writer of the Golden Age save Cervantes. Yet he is still less well known to English-speaking peoples than the author of *Don Quixote*. Although Dr. Sloman's book is addressed primarily to the scholar rather than to those more casually interested in Spanish literature, it contains enough to interest anyone curious about the construction of a drama—

and, incidentally, of a consummate work of art.

As the author remarks in his preface, dramatists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had not the least compunction in pilfering, or even pillaging wholesale from the works of others. Calderón was no exception, and in this study we are able to compare his own *El Príncipe constante* with its immediate source, a play called (to give it its full title) *La Comedia famosa de la fortuna adversa del Infante don Fernando de Portugal*. This play is attributed to Lope de Vega, but Dr. Sloman, after a scrupulous analysis of all the available evidence, believes it to have been more likely the work of a disciple of Lope, Francisco Tárrega, a Valencian theologian and canon of the Cathedral. It does not lack gusto, movement and emotion, but it is a very rough diamond compared with Calderón's finished and scintillating piece of craftsmanship. Calderón drew too from a history of Portugal, Manuel de Faría y Sousa's *Epítome de las historias portuguesas*, published in 1628, less than half a year before he wrote his play. *El Príncipe constante* stands at some distance from historical fact, though by no means out of sight of it. This is not due merely to the dramatist's exercising his right to adapt and arrange history: Ferdinand himself had become a legend. Through Dr. Sloman's study of successive historical accounts, beginning with the Chronicle of Álvares, the Prince's secretary and fellow sufferer at the hands of the Moors, we are able to follow the growth of this legend of the Constant Prince, who died, a martyr in captivity, in 1443.

Perhaps the most illuminating part of the book, however, is that in which the author considers, firstly, Calderón's use of the material he borrowed, including the incidental use of a ballad of Góngora; and secondly, how the dramatist has woven his theme into an illustration of the virtue of Fortitude, precisely as defined by St. Thomas Aquinas. Dr. Sloman analyses in detail and convincingly the dramatic application of the scholastic abstraction. He then goes on to examine the dramatic technique, from which we obtain an insight into the genius of Calderón, who condensed, synthesized and made a unified work of art out of such diverse elements—a play which had an historical basis, a symbolical meaning and was still rattling good theatre.

In his expressed intention to establish the sources of *El Príncipe constante*, to make accessible the sole extant text of *La fortuna adversa*, its most immediate source, and to throw some light on Calderón's dramatic craftsmanship by a consideration of how he used his material, Dr. Sloman has succeeded. Perhaps one regrets slightly the modesty of his aims. One would have welcomed a fresh appreciation of the play, artistically speaking, from the point of view made possible by a thorough knowledge of the sources uncovered and examined. But lack of pretension, if it be a defect, is at least a refreshing one in a work of scholarship. The extreme conciseness of the arguments and the highly systematic presentation of the work are for obvious reasons a boon to the reader, but they do lend austerity and perhaps make for rigidity. And it is a pity that a reproduction of the title page of *La fortuna adversa* or of the Osuna volume could not have been included, since one illustration is worth a load of description.

But with this piece of scholarly research into the work of one of the world's great dramatists, fully expounded, yet with restraint and clarity, and eminently convenient to handle, Dr Sloman has done a service to Spanish studies in general. As for *El Príncipe constante* in particular, no full and proper appreciation of the play is possible without a reading of this book.

THE EPISCOPAL COLLEAGUES OF ARCHBISHOP THOMAS BECKET. By David Knowles. Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d.

The text of this book consists, with some additional matter and footnotes, of the Ford Lectures delivered at Oxford in 1949 by Professor Knowles. In his consideration of the part played by the colleagues of Archbishop Thomas in the controversy with Henry II, Professor Knowles points out that

"concentration on the actions and words of the archbishop alone, and the virtual relegation of his colleagues to the position of a chorus, if not of a conspiracy, has helped, in almost every recent account, to throw his figure out of historical perspective. It is only when we watch the attitude and consider the opinions of the other bishops, both before, during and after the great meetings of 1163-4, that we can see how many elements of the controversy, and how many of the views expressed, were the common property of all, or at least of most, of the school-trained ecclesiastics of the day, and how many were peculiar to Archbishop Thomas."

Impressive scholarship and distinction of style do more than disentangle the difficulties and redress the balance. These "unusually distinguished and honourable" bishops live again. Here, for example, are Henry of Winchester who, "for all the adventures and intrigues and extravagances and ambitions of his middle life, which superficially seem to anticipate the worst characteristics of a Beaufort or a Wolsey . . . had always remained not only blameless in his private life, but also unsoured, uncoarsened, unhardened and undefiled"; and Gilbert Foliot, "an able, efficient, prudent, tactful, eminently respectable churchman, a man in high position in a graded, orderly society, obeying and enforcing its laws with an equitable recognition of the tribes without the law—barons, it might be, and kings . . . (unable) to say the last nay to the instant tyrant, or to allow a moral change in others to give entrance in his mind to a revaluation." The characters and achievements of all of them are set not only against the immediate quarrel, but also against "the ecclesiastical climate of Europe"—the climate in which Henry II worked for his own often unrealistically conceived ends.

Professor Knowles traces the effect of Thomas's lack of statesmanship, the dilemma of the bishops at Clarendon and afterwards, the clash of personalities. The ecclesiastical and feudal implications of the conflict between Henry with his "programme of the regional church" under his personal control and Thomas strenuously maintaining the autonomy of the spiritual power are discussed; and the flight of Thomas (after which "each bishop acted as a unit, or joined in association with others as he saw fit, though throughout the years of exile the archbishop across the Channel remained a pole of attraction or repulsion") the embassy to Sens, the question of appeals, the king's anti-papal actions, Foliot's eloquently expressed case against Thomas, the circumstances that led to the murder, are shown as salient parts of a remorseless whole.

That Henry's aims were defeated was the result not only of Thomas's vehement opposition but also of the bishops' acceptance of "post-Gregorian papal government, in theory and in practice. In Professor Knowles's view, despite their hesitations and continued frustration in a tremendously dramatic and vital moment of English ecclesiastical history, they were, in their several ways, devoted to the cause of the Church.

"Steeped as they were in the ideas of the post-Gregorian reformers they would have been, in more peaceful days, the agents of a great renewal under an

archbishop who might have applied, undistracted, to his ecclesiastical office the energy and talents which he had shown as chancellor."

The value to the student of so exact a study is obvious; and the general reader will find it exciting and lucid. This is history as it should be written.

NEWMAN'S UNIVERSITY: IDEAL AND REALITY. By Rev. Fergal McGrath, S.J., D.Phil. (Oxon). Browne and Nolan. 30s.

Dr. McGrath's volume appears on the eve of the centenary of John Henry Newman's first visit to Ireland, from which arose the Catholic University. After the visit he prepared the series of lectures against mixed religious education, which we know under the title of 'On the Scope and Nature of the University Education.'

Dr. McGrath commences by giving the background to the educational and collegiate position in the country which eventually led to the suggestion from Rome that a Catholic university should be started in Ireland, after the Bill for the establishment of the Queen's Colleges had become law. About the undesirability of the 'Godless Colleges' both Catholic and Dissenter were in agreement, while Trinity was not to be interfered with, being an entirely Protestant foundation.

The volume is a very detailed account of Newman's activities from 1851 until his resignation in 1858, based to a great extent on hitherto unpublished letters. The author, himself one of our leading educationalists, interprets and comments upon the many aspects of university education with the balanced objectivity of an historian. However, the volume is not only of interest to the educationalist but also to the general public, for the correspondence allows us to see much of Newman's ironic humour; for instance as it is contained in the letter from Cork, dated in 1854, describing the early stages of a tour of the Irish hierarchy, with descriptions of his adventures, culminating in the Ursuline Convent in Waterford. Further, it makes Newman very sympathetic to Irish aspirations. Although he was fundamentally an Englishman, the Irish aspect of his brief was always to the fore, although it was a Catholic university for the English-speaking which was his main object.

Through the pages are sketches and vignettes, fully annotated by the author, of Archbishops McHale and Cullen, whose characteristics, which must inevitably clash, are amply portrayed. Then such romantic figures as Bianconi of Clonmel, the long car owner, and Myles O'Reilly, who commanded the Irish Brigade which defended Spoleto against Garibaldi, find their place. They were both, and (according to Father McGrath) among the more enlightened laymen who formed the original Catholic University Committee. Further, the book gives a very interesting insight into the workings of the Church both at home and in relation to Rome at that period, with the inevitable English intervention playing in the background.

A chapter not to be missed for the architectural student is that on the building of the University Church, which will always remain a monument to Newman and to-day fulfills his desire of a link between town and gown, although of course the Catholic University does not exist. Should the question arise anywhere again, Father McGrath's commentary will be invaluable as an historical guide to this XIXth century venture.

KILLANIN.

THE LIFE AND SOUL OF PARACELSIUS. By John Hargrave. Gollancz. 16s.

Mr. Hargrave's rather boisterous book on Paracelsus is the result of more than ten years' study of the hermetic sciences and "the fundamental teachings of Paracelsus in the sphere of medicine, surgery, and the healing art." The life of Paracelsus, dramatic and frustrated, is immensely interesting material for any biographer. Born in the canton of Schwyz, Switzerland, in 1493, he travelled widely in Europe and the East sampling the universities, acquiring much curious knowledge from gypsies, Tartars and itinerants of every sort, and experience from his work as an army surgeon. His reputation as an alchemist-magician and as a great healer served him both well and ill; violently expressed contempt for the medical practitioners of his day made for him implacable enemies. He had the friendship of scholars, including Erasmus, knew wealth and fame, poverty and ignominy; and the hate that followed him in his wanderings is commonly thought to have brought about his death.

The great number of his authentic works on medicine, alchemy, magic, natural history and philosophy—though even here he suffered badly from ignorant disciples and careless printers—provides the student of the occult with remarkable reading based on an insistence "that by his god-like faculty of imagination, and by means of Resolute Imagination, man can accomplish all things."

Mr. Hargrave's style is, unfortunately, most unhappy: hyperbolical throughout and lush with hyphenated adjectives, the effect is tendentious and sometimes absurd. To write of Paracelsus:

"He ran leaping from star to star—taking the Milky Way at a stride—landing head-first upon the Moon—rebounding with a double somersault—clinging by one fingernail to the outer ring of Saturn—and expected everyone else to do the same!"

is to make the uninitiated sceptical even of the tributes of Lessing and Jung.

THE SCHOOLMASTER. By Aubrey de Selincourt. John Lehmann. 8s. 6d.

One of Sir Richard Livingstone's notable writings on education suggests that, if the perfectly educated man never will exist, yet the quality of our civilisation depends on the number of people who approximate to the ideal standard.

"The perfectly educated man would have a standard, a perception of values, in every province—physical, aesthetic, intellectual, moral; in his profession or occupation; in personal, national and international life. He would know the first-rate in all of them and run no risk of being deceived by the inferior. Further, as far as this is possible, he would have a hierarchy of values, so that lesser did not dominate greater goods."

Mr. de Selincourt's book emphasizes the importance of such values; and his review of various educational methods and experiments and types of schools refers continually to the fact that the teacher counts more than the system if education is to seek to develop in each individual the best that he is capable of becoming. But our transitional period, with its shifting or almost imperceptible patterns of belief and aim, and impatience with the past, requires more than ever before the finest minds to "help humanity a little on its dark, difficult and

dangerous way." For this reason, Mr. de Selincourt is frankly critical of the modern conception of education that, with all its eloquence and the immense opportunities it offers, requires the teacher to "compete with scavengers for the lowest wage." This survey of educational conditions and problems by a former Headmaster of Claresmore will interest the general reader as well as the specialist.

ABC OF READING. By Ezra Pound. Faber. 8s. 6d.

Mr. Ezra Pound's small textbook, now reprinted, was prompted by a desire to instruct "those who might like to learn" about poetry; but its brevity is the condensed creed of a major poet with a passionate regard for precise and ultimate beauty in literature.

The novice in mind, he drastically prunes the less great and the withered from 'eternal and irrepressible freshness'; and with equal rigour chooses for his audience those prepared to devote themselves to the labour of examining original texts and of working through his set exercises. The weaker spirits who cling to translations and the English language receive a reproachful and chastening indulgence.

"The proper METHOD for studying poetry and good letters is the method of contemporary biologists, that is careful first-hand examination of the matter, and continual COMPARISON of one 'slide' or specimen with another."

And he suggests, following Fenollosa, that the Chinese ideograph is poetical communication because it is visual and intelligible shape for experience intimately and fully shared, not abstraction loosely apprehended or out of reach.

In his nervous emphatic style, Mr. Pound reminds the reader that literature is language charged with meaning to the utmost possible degree, that poetry is its most concentrated form, that the good writer keeps language accurate and clear. To describe the three chief means of charging language with meaning, he uses the terms: phanopoeia ("throwing the object—fixed or moving—on to the visual imagination"); melopoeia ("inducing emotional correlations by the sound and rhythm of the speech"); logopoeia ("inducing both of the effects by stimulating the associations—intellectual or emotional—that have remained in the receiver's consciousness in relation to the actual words or word groups employed.") He defines the various categories of writers, but insists that a sure critical judgment comes from knowledge of two only: the inventors and the masters. The authors in his list of essential reading have been chosen because they are "unsurpassed in their own domain," and the quotations, forming an unusual little anthology, have his illuminating comment.

ABC of Reading is a brilliant and, of course, provocative essay on literature. Those who have suspected the glitter of reference in Mr. Pound's poems may, after reading this book, see it for the shine of a net cast widely and to much purpose.

THE SPIRIT AND PURPOSE OF GEOGRAPHY. By S. W. Wooldridge, D.Sc., and W. G. East. Hutchinson's University Library. 7s. 6d.

The Spirit and Purpose of Geography is a survey of a formidable field of study; but it offers encouragement in the fact that, "by the very nature of his subject, the geographer is protected from the perils of isolation and specialization."

He savours "the unity of man and nature and the correlation between physical and social phenomena which confront him on every side."

Professor Wooldridge and Professor East have, from their different approaches of physical and social science, co-operated to present briefly but authoritatively the scope and spirit of geography. From its historical development and the early conceptions of its relation to the natural sciences, and after stressing its validity and worth, they turn to a critical examination of the ancillary studies indispensable for the modern geographer, whether his interest inclines towards the human or physical aspects of the subject. The sections on geology, meteorology, oceanography, map-interpretation and biogeography are discussed from the point of view of the geographer's needs. Other chapters indicate that if his basic task is description, his ultimate task is interpretation. Thus the importance of historical geography lies in the conception it has of a studied region in four-dimensional terms. "Time, no less than the other three dimensions, characterizes the personality of a region." Economic geography is concerned with "the dynamic expression of interacting physical and economic conditions"; and the geopolitical approach "can provide an illuminating background to many complicated international problems."

The preface suggests the aims and also the achievement of this valuable little book: "We have tried here to signpost a path which can lead the student, if he is so minded, towards the full study of his heritage, the earth's surface which he treads. And, if he perseveres along this path, his journey will not prove unrewarding. For his effort will subject him to a discipline and yield him a philosophy."

POETRY IN MODERN IRELAND By Austin Clarke. Cultural Relations Committee of Ireland. 2/-

Mr. Austin Clarke's *Poetry in Modern Ireland* follows Mr. Micheál Mac Liammóir's *Theatre in Ireland* as the second in the series of booklets planned by the Cultural Relations Committee "to give a broad, vivid and informed survey of Irish life and culture, past and present." In selecting Mr. Clarke to write the survey of Poetry in Ireland the Committee made an almost inevitable choice but they set a formidably task even for so adroit and experienced a critic. One can but marvel at the skill with which he has given in so few pages a lucid, coherent and remarkable comprehensive account of the origin, development and achievement of Irish poetry in English from the first precursors of the "Revival" to the present day, or almost to the present day. In a few deft paragraphs he can bring back the enthusiasm with which Irish poets discovered their inheritance and the uses they could make of it to express and inspire an awakened national consciousness and a new hope. "In returning to Irish Mythology," he writes, "our poets experienced an emotion which was unknown to English poets, an emotion which gives their work its peculiar intensity. They were not exploring a borrowed mythology, but one which belonged to their country, survived in its oral tradition, and in the very names of its hills, rivers and plains. When Keats turned to Greek mythology, he went to Lemprière's Classical Dictionary; our poets went out of doors They have continued to do so and it is remarkable how few, even of our youngest poets, write against a background of urban civilisation even when, unlike Mr. Clarke himself, they have no particular desire to create or preserve a distinctive

Irish poetry. Mercifully we have not yet been "fully industrialised" and our cities have not yet forgotten the countryside from which they arose and draw their sustenance. Writing of poets such as he himself, who developed out of the mood of the renascence in a new direction, he says: "The Celtic Romanesque era with its intricate patterns in verse, in stone, metal and illumination, its conventionalised impersonal forms, attracted us as objective writers in an age of self-dramatisation and display" It was an attraction productive of rare poetry, difficult for untrained ears and unprepared minds to appreciate and it was not without its dangers to the poets themselves. For in the fascination of what was difficult in pattern making and verbal play some lost the deeper impulse and substituted skill for depth of thought and feeling. Everywhere in this book one is aware of Mr. Clarke's individual and penetrating mind, his own logical interpretation of movements and events. Writing of the new kind of play created by Yeats when English poetic drama had ceased to exist outside the study, "the lyric drama of the stage", he goes on to say "But the poet could not have foreseen that the National Theatre which he founded was to become the very market of our mirth. Looking back we are tempted to think that the rapid success of the Abbey Theatre in its formative years was too sensational. The riots over *The Playboy of the Western World*, the naive Kiltartan dialect of Lady Gregory's comedies, the constant tours in England and America, all led to hasty twentieth-century publicity at a time when our growing drama needed careful protection." One may well agree that the present plight of the theatre in Ireland does indeed derive from a too early and too easy fame but one can only conclude that Mr. Clarke is having his little joke when he ascribes the creation of our censorship to statesmen unable to bear the revelation by realistic writers that the nation "was discovering again its own acquisitiveness."

Inevitably the reader of such a survey must have his private disagreements with the surveyor. One may feel that, as a poet, Gogarty is worth more than a mere mention; one may wish that a few more of our women poets,—K. Arnold Price, Hugh Connell, Freda Laughton, Ethna MacCarthy, Michael Scot, Barbara Hunter,—had been mentioned; and while welcoming Mr. Clarke's appreciation of that fine, neglected poet Lyle Donaghy, one may feel that in so short a survey less space should have been given to the work of even so sound a poet as Robert Farren and may wonder at the statement, in discussing Patrick Kavanagh's *The Great Hunger*, that "Avoiding the lyric impulse the poet relies on direct statement" Is direct statement inconsistent with the effects of the lyric impulse and is there not frequent evidence throughout *The Great Hunger* of the lyric impulse at work?

But these are differences of opinion inevitable between writer and reader of a book, especially a brief book, of criticism. Mr. Clarke has done a difficult piece of work as only he could have done it, lightly yet seriously, quickly yet fully and deeply. His presentation of a hundred years or so of Irish poetry is admirably sound and succinct. It is a pity that he did not carry it a little further. Not a single poet under thirty is mentioned and only six under forty. Foreign readers may wonder if we have ceased to breed poets; yet surely among Padraic Fiac, Sam Harrison, Bruce Williamson, George M. Brady, Peter Wells, Antony Cronin, Brian Farrington, David Marcus, Padraic O'Brien, Terence Smith, Pearse Hutchinson, and other contributors to our magazines, North and South, some

poetry is being written. Beyond a rather frightened guess at the inevitable horrors of "modernistic" influence Clarke makes no reference to the plight or prospects of a new generation of poets in Ireland.

The booklet is finely produced by the Three Candles Press and is cryptically illustrated by Louis Le Brocqy.

W.P.M.

BRITAIN DISCOVERS HERSELF. By Denys Val Baker. Christopher Johnson. 9s. 6d.

Mr. Denys Val Baker's interesting and very able survey of "the new regional trend of social and cultural life in Britain" is also a plea for its fullest encouragement. He is far from unaware of the devitalized state of a centrally controlled country, but he sees in the present spontaneous regional activities a development of incalculable importance. "I believe that the impact of the experiences of the war and post-war years has set in motion a silent revolution of the British people against the threats of centralization and standardization. . . . It manifests itself not so much in the material sphere as in those less tangible fields termed loosely as culture and social relations. Its importance is, for that reason, all the greater." And the factual outline given here of what is springing from this regionalism is impressive.

The chapter on literature stresses the amount of distinguished modern writing that remains regional in background—the region, perhaps, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, the North Midlands or the West. The chapters on art, the theatre, music and crafts are a most hopeful account of exhibitions, societies, of repertory companies, travelling theatres, orchestras, choirs, rural music schools: all with local patriotism and high standards of achievement. The contribution of education, broadcasting, and industry is also examined. Obviously, despite the gloom of economic necessity and world conditions, *Britain Discovers Herself* justifies its author's use of the term: regional renaissance.

AN IRISH PORTRAIT. By Paul Henry, R. H. A. B. T. Batsford Ltd. Price 15/-

Paul Henry, the painter, is known wherever there is genuine interest in "knowledge and sure observation of nature"—a phrase which Sean O'Faolain uses to describe this artist's outstanding quality. In *An Irish Portrait* he reveals himself as a writer in as new and as fresh a light as he has ever created on his own canvases.

His book has as a sub-title "The Autobiography of Paul Henry"; but this is no ordinary record of a life. The author-artist keeps us in Belfast, where he lived until he reached young manhood, for as brief a space (measured in pages) as possible. He seems to feel that we would be as little interested as he was. His escape to Paris was that of the caged bird set free. More page-space is given to the student phase in Paris which is treated in a chapter called "Paris and its Dreams". We are thrown into the usual studio atmosphere with its ambitions and failures, gaieties and desperations that we have long associated with life among the artists. We move to "London and the Realities" in the next chapter to learn the difficulties confronting the young draughtsman attempting to crash into the illustrated periodicals.

Were this work serialised I doubt whether the average reader would care if he missed the next instalment. But he would have missed what is original and sincere in the narrative. For we have now reached "The New Life". Paul Henry responds to the call of the southern and western part of Ireland and settles down in Achill Island. He revels in the wild beauty of the landscape in those early hours of the morning

"when the leverets were playing in the dew-drenched grass, until the time when night was falling and the badgers crept from their earths in the light of the new moon".

He makes friends with the villagers, paints their portraits when they permit it, which is not often, or despite objections sketches them quickly and secretly. He fishes, watches birds with his keen artist eye and writes his impressions with an unaffectedness that gives a revealing depth to the outline of the observed picture. Here is a passage from the end of the book which should send you to the bookseller:

"I was lying absolutely motionless, my eyes unwinking, facing the gradually lightening water, when a grey misty shape passed across the angle of my vision. It was dim in the dawn light, but very distinctly I saw a fox stop by my side; I could have touched him with my hand as he passed, one paw in the air listening; the wind was blowing from him to me so that he could not get my scent. The long nose snuffed the air, the ears were alert, his body, with the exception of the ears and nose, rigid and tense. I could see all the birds moving away from him and that probably gave him the knowledge that he was not alone. Then crouching down as if to hide himself from observation he dropped to his four paws again and moved slowly away".

A. J. L.

WE TWO TOGETHER. By James H. Cousins and Margaret E. Cousins. Ganesh & Co., Madras, India: Luzac & Co., Ltd., Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1., also The Gateway Book Shop, 30 East 60th Street, New York, 22. (N.Y.). U.S.A. Rs. 20:30 Sh.: \$5.

At the beginning of this volume of over 700 pages we have a vivid and absorbing record of the Dublin of the last decade of the 19th century and the first fifteen years of the 20th century. Those were the high days of the Renaissance of creative thought in this city. Poets and playwrights, in particular, shared in this literary revival, and we see the coming into being of the Irish National Theatre, from which grew The Abbey Theatre—its survivor—still flourishing.

Space is too limited to allow of enumerating the now famous names associated with those charming years, but, among them, James Cousins and his wife were very active in the activities of the period, and Mrs. Cousins was caught in the whirl and unrest of the Women's Suffrage Movement in England. From that time she devoted her energies and life, mainly to the cause of the Emancipation of Woman, and came soon into touch with world-workers in the political arena—and eventually with the women of India. As a relief to the stress of politics, she had her music, and ranked high as a concert pianiste.

The publishers announce this book as a personal account of 50 years joint activities in cultural, social and political pioneering in three Continents, and of

contacts wth distinguished individuals, east and west. Mrs. Cousins as a highly accomplished musician, in later years, in her campaign for the freedom of women in India, was to find her art a powerful introduction to her audiences..

In their old, Dublin days they had first heard the Eastern religious philosophy in their acquaintance with George Russell (A.E.), whom they met in the popular Vegetarian Restaurant that was in College Street.. This was a notable centre and meeting-place, where you would meet Yeats, Stephens, Seamus O'Sullivan, Maud Gonne, and many others in the Literary Movement.

Later they were introduced to Mrs. Annie Besant, when she was lecturing in Dublin, and eventually she invited them to pay a visit to the Theosophical centre in India. In the end they worked with her for years in her wide range of Colleges, and in cultural activities in general, in that country.

This period, and its whirl of foreign interests, fill the greater part of the volume and we meet with hundreds of famous names—Gandhi, Tagore—the wide realm of Indian society and culture—leaders in the Arts and in Politics, Maharajas, Professors, Holy Men, Men and Women students, and among others the great plant scientist, Sir J. C. Bose, and his Institute. A host of vital personalities.

But it is not possible to concentrate on any one phase of this vivid, never-halting flow of busy life, it is so continuous in its travelling, that the reader is carried along from page to page unheeding of time. This sense of unrelenting activity is, I think, partly explained by James Cousins when he writes:—

‘ My symbolical stream of life had uncountable tributaries, many perhaps most of which I had no knowledge of. It had also uncountable distributaries through the people whom it passed.’

The reader is carried along on these uncountable streamlets.

An unuual feature of the book is that it is a double diary—*We Two—Together*, and the life-partner of J.H.C. had a quite considerable number of her own uncountable tributaries to navigate.

I find an unconscious humour in the paradoxical working-out of the conditions entitled “together.”

The pair are travelling in the same train, but we, as it were, in the corridor are in contact with two separate compartments. Briefly—each chapter in the story is prefixed by the initials of its contributor—one by (J.H.C.) is succeeded by one with the initials (M.E.C.), and the impression, at times, completes the “travelling” illusion. *He* is describing the view from one window and *she* follows with that seen from the other side of the train. Still the result is good, there is complete absence of monotony, through more than 50 chapters and over 700 pages.

There is a world of contrast between the two atmospheres depicted in these chapters—that of placid Buddhistic and Theosophical philosophies in College and School, and the other, of Western demandingness for withheld political rights, that the Oriental outlook on life had never conceived as desirable.

To sum up—the flow of events—the continued sequence of successes and disappointments—are so clearly pictured in their immense horizons, that we wonder that sufficient leisure and energy could remain with which to record so

many impressions, shared by the authors of this never-resting life story, which fails not to hold the constant interest of the reader.

A useful bibliography at the end of the volume assures us that the poet has not laid aside his personal contribution to Ireland's culture in his exile. There are 10 poetical works and 15 prose, added to those under his name, since he left Ireland for India.

The printing, type and paper are excellent and there are half-a-dozen personal and group photographs. The price 30s.—and 5 dollars U.S.A.—is nominal, at the present time.

ARTHUR KELLS.

ALLEGIANCE. By Robert Brennan. Browne & Nolan. 15s.

This is a very personal book. For the best part of 50 years Mr. Brennan has been famous as a story-teller, with a nice appreciation of the humorous side of life, and his book is largely a book of humorous memory. Even in tragic situations he always remembers whatever humorous twist there was.

It is, in the main, a record of his memory of events, and people, in the Sinn Fein Movement from 1914 to 1922, with some reference to the earlier period. And it is unique, amongst such books, in that from one-third to one-half of its 355 pages of text is occupied by conversations, some of them lengthy, given in inverted commas, eked out by sketches of narrative. If he has not taken these conversations from a diary, then he lays claim to one of the most extraordinary memories on record.

It suffers, as such a book must, from not having any real framework, so that a coherent story does not come out of it, nor will those who are not familiar with the events follow the narrative.

Apart from the recorded conversations, which cannot be verified, the present writer would not accept many of his inferences. But the book will recall to many readers the wonderful years from 1900 to 1916, when Mother Eire proved that she was, in Yeats's words, "always young."

Mr. Brennan gives 1865 as the foundation year of the I.R.B., instead of 1858. And he refers to *Dana* as "Yeat's Magazine." It was, however, edited by John Eglinton and Fred Ryan.

P. S. O'H.

30 YEARS WITH G. B. S. By Blanche Patch. Gollancz. 12s. 6d.

Miss Patch was Shaw's secretary for 30 years. She appears to have given him satisfaction, yet she appears equally to have had little sympathy either with him or his ideas, and to have little intellectual curiosity.

Her book is a chatty hotchpotch of a record of things he said—she noted down as serious pronouncements every idle word he uttered—and of things he did, but little of it is of any real value.

P. S. O'H.

HOUNDS ARE RUNNING. By Stanislaus Lynch. Illustrated by Tom Carr. Golden Eagle Books, Ltd., Dublin. Cr. 8vo. 21s.

Stanislaus Lynch bids fair to emulate Anthony Trollope and his hunting sketches, as well as Jorrocks' adventures. He has packed into this handsomely produced work descriptions of the joys of the hunting field, the beauties of the countryside, and the vagaries of hounds, horses and huntsmen. Most varieties

of hunting are described concisely and with knowledge: whether with the Bray Harriers in the Wicklow Hills, with the Killing Kildares, not more than ten or twelve miles from Dublin, or with the Ward Stag Hounds, the reader finds himself taking part in the excitement of the chase. What is more delightful than his description of the fox leaving the covert? "A brown shadow flits across the woodland growth." The author's experience of the homing instinct of the hounds is shared by the reviewer: he mentions the case of a hound who was brought to a new home, 120 miles away: in three days he found his way back to his own kennel. It is well to emphasise the relation of motor cars to hounds: Lynch says that hounds have no road sense and will be injured unless drivers are helpful. Generally speaking, motorists, and especially lorry and bus drivers, are most courteous to all connected with hunting. Mention is made of group terms applied to animals and birds, and a few of the numerous examples will be given:—*An Exaltation of Larks, A Murmuration of Starlings, A Watch of Nightingales, A Muster of Peacocks, A Desert of Lapwings, A Herd of Cranes, A Gaggle of Geese, A Parliament of Rooks, A Labour of Moles, A Kindle of Kittens* and last, but not least, *A Pride of Lions*. The curse of wire is stressed and the suggestion that most of it could be done without is heartily endorsed by the writer. Those who are against blood sports should read about the Ward Hounds, where a stag is never killed and where the hounds are fed entirely on offal and other food which is not fit for human consumption.

The book is for the hunting man, woman and child: it is beautifully illustrated by Tom Carr, and would make an admirable present for anyone who is interested in horses, hunting or the countryside. We shall conclude our review by a quotation of impressions during a hunt: "Six-year-old Japanese larches are lording it over similarly aged pines. Sitka Spruces occupy second place in the race for supremacy. Then Oregon pines and Douglas firs merge into the slower-growing European Larches and into the welter of coniferous varieties that we generalise under the heading of pine trees. Accurately spaced, these young trees climb towards the summit, until their ordered beauty is lost in the mists."

B. S.

LET'S GO HUNTING. By B. L. Kearley with a foreword by the Duke of Beaufort, K.G., M.F.H. Cr. 8vo. pp. 190. London: Ernest Benn, Ltd. 12s. 6d. net.

The sound of the horn, the cry of the hounds, the countryside and joy of the hunt all pervade this work which is full of the enthusiasm of youth and the evident keenness of a true sportsman. The story emanates from a coper's yard and from it we learn the pleasures and trials of the owner of a livery stable, but more important is the description of hunting, par excellence, in all its branches; for fox, stag, hare and otter hunting are explained most lucidly. It is a textbook for the tyro about to take up hunting and will give "tips" even to the hardened huntsman.

We can strongly recommend this well written volume as a Christmas or birthday present for anyone interested in the greatest of all sports. The author writes with poetic feeling and he is helped by the illustrations, some of which portray obstacles which would require a potential Grand National candidate to overcome them. The production is a matter of sincere congratulations for the publishers.

B. S.

THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE

THE ANIMALS' BREAKFAST. And Other Stories. By Bryan Guinness. Heinemann. 6s.

The three stories in this book and the manner of their telling will gratify children. The story about the animals at the Dublin Zoo who have a breakfast party to which they invite a small boy is that mixture of topsyturvydom and reality which appeals to the young. "The Thing" is a magic wooden object found by three children on the Kerry coast that, turning first into a little pearly chariot and later into a brigantine manned by seals, takes them to an adventure with smugglers and a giant. "The Story of the Little House" starts as a toy-house cut out of turf, but a leprechaun has found the way to make the story of himself, the fairies, a small silver trout and three children in Donegal spin round like a gay little top for ever. The illustrations by Miss Anne Yeats delightfully illustrate the text.

HANDBOOKS OF EUROPEAN NATIONAL DANCES: DANCES OF ENGLAND AND WALES.

By Maud Karpeles and Loïs Blake. DANCES OF SCOTLAND. By Jean C. Milligan and D. G. MacLennan. DANCES OF ITALY. By Bianca M. Galanti. DANCES OF SPAIN. 2: North-East and East. By Lucile Armstrong. Max Parrish. 3s. 6d. each.

The series *Handbooks of European National Dances* has been planned to introduce the characteristic dances of each country in relation to its national music, folklore and history. Step-notation, music arranged for the piano and coloured plates of authentic costumes add to the value of these little books written by specialists. The latest volumes describe English ritual and Country dances, stressing what their revival owes to Cecil Sharpe; the traditional dances of Wales that are also being revived; the Highland dances, Strathspeys and reels of Scotland; the Italian Saltarello and the Tarantella; the dances of Aragon, Catalonia and Valencia.

THE COMPOSER IN LOVE. Edited by Cyril Clarke. Peter Nevill. 10s. 6d.

The dust-jacket of *The Composer in Love* states that Mr. Cyril Clarke "has collected together from his wide and discriminating reading a series of vivid accounts of the love stories of Mozart, Berlioz, Beethoven, Chopin, Tchaikovsky, Schumann, Liszt and Schubert." In fact, neither Liszt nor Schubert is included—Wagner seems to have taken their place.

There is much of interest: Mozart at his most filial, domestic and unromantic. "I am absolutely convinced that I should manage better with a wife (on the same income which I have now) than I do by myself. And how many useless expenses would be avoided. . . . She (Constanze) is not ugly, but at the same time far from beautiful. Her whole beauty consists in two little black eyes and a pretty figure. She has no wit, but she has enough common sense to enable her to fulfil her duties as a wife and mother." Berlioz is fevered and exclamatory; Wagner complacent or describing his wife Minna in unpleasant terms. "It was clearly impossible for her not to lose all real sense of delicacy . . . a girl sprung from the lower middle class, in whom mere superficial polish had taken the place of any true culture." At his most generous, he wrote:

"I do not believe that she ever felt any sort of passion or genuine love for me, or, indeed, that she was capable of such a thing, and I can therefore only

describe her feeling for me as one of heartfelt goodwill, and the sincerest desire for my success and prosperity, inspired as she was with the kindest sympathy, and genuine delight at, and admiration for, my talents."

Chopin's life with George Sand is chiefly related from the latter's diary and from biographical extracts. The book concludes with an account of Tchaikovsky's marriage—a Dostoevskian episode.

The letters and extracts have been cleverly pieced together to form a book intended to have popular appeal; but the proper significance of these love affairs in each composer's life and in relation to his work will scarcely be apparent to the uninformed reader.

OLD IRISH AND HIGHLAND DRESS. By H. F. McClintock. With Chapters by Rev. Professor F. Shaw, S.J., M.A., and J. Telfer Dunbar, F.S.A. (Scot.). Dundalgan Press. Price of complete volume, 37s. 6d. Or separately: *Old Highland Dress and Tartans*, 20s. *Old Irish Dress and that of the Isle of Man*, 25s.

Old Irish and Highland Dress was first published in 1943. The new edition has been considerably enlarged to include a chapter by the Reverend F. Shaw, S.J., Professor of Early and Middle Irish at University College, Dublin, on "The dress described in early Irish writings," and a chapter on Early Tartans by J. Telfer Dunbar, F.S.A. (Scot.) late Hon. Curator of the Scottish United Services Museum at Edinburgh. Pictures from De Heere's sixteenth-century book at Ghent, some of Hollar's engravings and a picture of an Irishwoman by Weiditz have been added to the illustrations.

Scholarship and unremitting research for descriptions of dress down to the mid-seventeenth century have made this a distinguished historical study of the old Gaelic costume of Ireland, Scotland and the Isle of Man. The evidence from early carvings, metal work, illuminated manuscripts and drawings, from early Irish literature, contemporary English and continental writings, from sixteenth and seventeenth-century pictures and from museums is presented in an admirably clear text, and finely illustrated. In itself, and in the wider context of Gaelic social life, *Old Irish and Highland Dress* is a valuable achievement.

THE EARTH IS OUR HERITAGE. By Ernst Wiechert. Peter Nevill. 12s. 6d.
The Earth is our Heritage is an admirable translation by Mr. Robert Maxwell of the first volume, complete in itself, of Ernst Wiechert's deeply moving novel *Die Jeromin-Kinder*. The little village, Sowirog, on the East Prussian border, and its life from the beginning of this century to the end of the First World War, and the Jeromin family ("Curious family that, Herr Jumbo. A musician, a sculptor, and one who—how does it go?—who wants to bring righteousness to the field.") are wonderfully portrayed. Man's suffering, his bewilderment and rebellion, his fugitive pleasures and his dreams are related to what has always endured: the earth and the labourer.

"This was a long, narrow strip of earth, and when they had come to the other end, it looked as though they would both disappear in the snow and the forests and plough an unending furrow out to the edge of eternity. But they always returned again. The hooves struck the marshy ground with a dull sound, the soil rustled like dark water under the shining ploughshare. No bird sang

in the empty woods, no woman stood outside the small, crooked, grey house. They were quite alone on this wintry earth, the man and his horse. War, hatred and death had roared away over the world, over the village and those who dwelt there, but they had not taken the ground that he had cleared and tilled."

Tragic experience obviously lies behind the novel—Ernst Wiechert was at Buchenwald concentration camp; but only the complete integration of man and artist could have achieved so memorable and profound a vision of life, violent, strange and beautiful.

THE GREEN HUNTSMAN. Being the First Book of *Lucien Leuwen*. By Stendhal.

Translated by H. L. R. Edwards. John Lehmann. 10s. 6d.

It is astonishing that Stendhal's great novel has not been translated sooner, for its ruthless, objective and mocking examination of the motives that divided contemporary French politicians into ultras, moderates and republicans is also an analysis of the guile and stupidity that still crowd the political scene.

Mr. Martin Turnell, in his brilliant book, *The Novel in France*, said of Stendhal's three greatest novels:

"The books are all variations on the 'outsider' theme. They record an experience and an experiment. The heroes are all born into one of the three main classes; the novelist projects himself, or a part of himself, into them and watches to see what will happen . . . Lucien Leuwen is the upper-middle-class outsider who cannot accept the subterfuges and corruption of the France of Louis-Philippe."

In the first volume of *Lucien Leuwen*, Leuwen, with his regiment at Nancy, views rather naively, and yet with Stendhal's eyes, the three political parties that also neatly divide social classes in the town. Theoretically he appreciates republicanism, but temperamentally, and with the tastes of a wealthy young man of the upper middle class, he inclines to the aristocrats. If their elegance barely covers provincialism and dullness of mind, the army and the bourgeoisie have the same defects, but without the graces. Leuwen falls in love with Mme. de Chasteller, a beautiful young widow, whose father, the Marquis de Pontlevé, is devoted to her considerable fortune. The development of their affair is portrayed with a wonderful subtlety that explores every transport, doubt, fatigue and torment; and the pattern of love and politics, of intrigue, jealousy and flirtation is presented with an exquisite appreciation of the whole social comedy. Mr. Edwards, whose translation does justice to the pulsating irony, the sheer technical and stylistic accomplishment of the novel, explains its origins and Stendhal's intentions for his unfinished work in an excellent preface. The translation of the second volume, which deals with the political situation in Paris, will be published later.

A BRUSH WITH DEATH. By Sheila Pim. Hodder and Stoughton. 9s. 6d.

This is a good, competently-constructed and effectively-told mystery story. It is rather more, because Miss Pim has that quality (ignored by scientists and rejected by economists) which ordinary folk call *charm*, and without which civilisation itself must perish.

Thus armed the author can amuse herself and her readers; and certainly she can 'get away with murder'—in the legitimate literary sense of the phrase.

Characterisation is shrewdly and humorously telling. In particular that of Fergus Gandón, member of the Royal Hibernian Academy, who "drinks beer more than codliver oil," is a joy. 'Bourgeois morality' is slyly contrasted with aesthetic integrity. Fergus is being poisoned and he rather resents it. The Garda, brought in and invited to consider gesso, gouaches, tempera and auripigmentum (to say nothing of compost versus fertilisers) are a little disconcerted. In an unfamiliar world, however, they battle valiantly, and in the end get a clean canvas and a just picture, the dramatic ending arriving with the opening of the Royal Hibernian Academy, when a struggle to expose villainy competes successfully with the art-exhibits and even with the latest spring chapeaux.

Wisely the author eschews toughness and horrors. Georges Duhamel said that a novel was "a portrait gallery." Here is a very pleasant gallery, the figures etched in with a fluid style, informed by a very womanly wit, and holding the "patron" from turnstile-gate to exit.

M.C.

THE ROMAN SPRING OF MRS. STONE. By Tennessee Williams. John Lehmann.
7s. 6d.

THE LIGHTED CITIES. By Ernest Frost. John Lehmann. 10s. 6d.
SCAMP. By Roland Camberton. John Lehmann. 9s. 6d.

Mr. Williams's first novel concerns a wealthy widow and retired actress whose resentment against the insults of time melts her former frigidity to most unfastidious ardours in post-war Rome. Despite dramatically contrived situations and brilliantly conveyed atmosphere, the fashionable emphasis on futility and the symbolism underline the fact that *The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone* is, in fact, an exceedingly adroit and perspicacious study of the trivial.

A similar sense of emotional frustration afflicts the characters in *The Lighted Cities*, one of whom refers to a book he has started in terms that also describe Mr. Frost's novel. "A sort of deranged reasonableness about people living in cities which are lighted up for peace, but it isn't really peace, and everyone's still at war within themselves." This is an account of the relations between an elderly, now neglected, musician and his protégé, who has fallen under the influence of an unpleasant professor; and between the latter's wife and a young writer. The portrait of the musician gives subtlety and depth to the book; but the others are coldly observed and their emotional entanglements lack interest. London has captured Mr. Frost's imagination and is beautifully described; but his writing is so carefully polished, his images so crowded, that only the railway porters and hotel servants can be allowed the comfort of the plain statement.

A young man's efforts to start a controversial literary review in London for the younger generation is the slight theme of *Scamp*. Mr. Camberton's real concern is to portray some decrepit, shiftless, extraordinary bohemians who divide their time between avoiding work, day-dreaming, drinking in their favourite 'pubs,' and indulging in other frankly-related amusements. He has a predilection for the shoddier side of the city and an interest in its social problems: but his odd and wittily-drawn characters seem in search of a plot.

PYTHON. By William Faulkner. The Holiday Library. John Lehmann. 6s.

PIERROT. By Raymond Queneau. Translated from the French by J. Maclarenn-Ross. John Lehmann. 9s. 6d.

THE FORESTS OF THE NIGHT. By Jean-Louis Curtis. Translated from the French by Nora Wydenbruck. John Lehmann. 12s. 6d.

Pylon recalls a passage from Sartre's *La Nausée* where Roquentin fondles his disgusts. One is less sure of Mr. Faulkner's disgust; but he explores New Valois at the time of a carnival, with much-advertised aeroplane races, unremittingly every aspect of the degradation that fascinates him. The scene is Intent on the prizes are a pilot, his wife and a parachute jumper; there is also a small boy, whose father is, uncertainly, one or other of the men. A tough mechanic hovers round, and also a newspaper reporter, who, from love for the woman, assumes a quixotic, albeit absinthe-drinking and fatal, rôle. The houses of the Vieux Carré and the streets all seem distorted and furtive; and smells of drink, stains of machine oil and sodden confetti cling to the weak despairs and final tragedy. Mr. Faulkner's sombre novels have found many admirers, and this reprint of a book marked by his undoubted talents will be welcomed.

One turns with greater pleasure, however, to the translations of two French novels. *Pierrot* is the tale of a young man who works in an amusement park, his adventures, amatory and otherwise, and his blank awkwardness when a romantically-disposed old man offers to make him his heir and the custodian of a memorial chapel to a Poldavian prince. There is a delightful account of his taking two trained apes into a restaurant for dinner and to an hotel bedroom for the night.

"'Then,' said he, 'we'll all have hors-d'oeuvres to start off with, then tripe for me, then for this gentleman' (he indicated Mesange). 'steak and onions—how's that?' he asked him (Mesange banged several times on the table with his fist as a sign that it suited him)—'and for him' (Pierrot indicated Pistolet) 'a double portion of soup, with carrots and turnips in it: he's a vegetarian. Isn't that so, old cock?' he asked Pistolet, who didn't answer, indifferent, no doubt, as to whether or not he fitted into this category.

"The waitress stood rooted, like a fool.

"'A bottle of red for me,' added Pierrot, 'and water for these gentlemen.'"

The misery of Pierrot's childhood and the pathos of which he is quite unaware, his precarious hold on a livelihood, the people he meets and the atmosphere of a shabby part of Paris: these rather than any plot give shape to the insouciance of the book. It is a pity that a comedy so purely French should have its dialogue translated into incongruous-sounding American slang.

The Forests of the Night, first published in France in 1947, has been awarded the Prix Goncourt. The theme is France under the German occupation and especially as it effects a small town in the Bearnais. M. Curtis says in his foreword:—

"If the inspiring side of the period of enemy occupation has only been slightly suggested here, it is because I have chosen to paint the whole of my picture in a sombre key, a choice to which I have adhered throughout."

The novel is a sensitive account of the reactions of faulty and often bewildered men and women; and, despite occasional stiffness in technique, the author's idealism, irony and bitterness make harsh, lucid patterns of life in Saint-Clar and Paris. His characters are vividly portrayed; and the final impression of a still unresolved conflict in thought and action acknowledges the present predicament.

PLEASURE AS USUAL. By Villiers David. Duckworth. 9s. 6d.

Pleasure as Usual recounts the triumphs of a society woman who conforms everything and everyone to herself. Her daughters, their plebian lovers, her friends, the servants, are manoeuvred into the obedience due to her wealth, and possession of 'England's vastest and most Elizabethan home'; and later into suffering from her brave determination, when the allowance from her wisely absent husband drops to a few thousand pounds annually, to allow others to be economical for her sake. But austerity breeds rebellion, and Lady Corbeau is seemingly routed. Always, however, craving novelty, she is finally left in happiest contemplation of fresh and encouraging terrain for the renewed exercise of her gifts. The book's diverting satire plays gently over its neat little comedy; but to suggest as the publishers do, that the satire and the fun signal "at once to the discerning the arrival of a new writer of importance" is surely to overpraise polish and agreeable sophistication.

THE BRITISH JOURNAL FOR THE PHILOSOPHY OF SCIENCE. Volume I. Nos. 2 and 3. Nelson. 7s. 6d.

Professor Frank continues, in No. 2, his essay, "Metaphysical Interpretations of Science." He studies the role of metaphysics in the period of Galileo and Newton, and suggests that if we regard metaphysics "as a short cut between science and common sense, we acquire a new perspective of human thought in the past and the present." Dr. Whitrow discusses modern views of the foundations of dynamics, and believes that we "may be witnessing the birth of 'a very new science dealing with a very ancient subject.'" Dr. E. S. Russell considers a possible line of approach to the question of the nature of organism and of directive activity; and Professor Popper gives the first part of a paper on 'Indeterminism in Quantum Physics and in Classical Physics.' Professor L. von Bertalanffy contributes 'An Outline of General System Theory' and believes that the further elaboration of the theory "may be destined, in the science of the future, to play a rôle similar to that of Aristotelian logic in the science of antiquity."

In range and authority this journal is an impressive publication.

No. 3 opens with the second part of Professor K. R. Popper's article, "Indeterminism in Quantum Physics and in Classical Physics." Mr. E. F. Caldin's essay, "Science and Philosophy: Implications or Presuppositions?" is a consideration of the logic implicit in scientific method and argues that physics, regarded as 'a systematisation of observations by means of laws and theories,' has neither philosophical implications nor metaphysical presuppositions; but 'as a description of nature from a certain angle, it requires the metaphysical presupposition of order in nature.' Dr. J. S. Wilkie contributes a paper, "The Problem of the Temporal Relation of Cause and Effect", to show that for the purposes of exact science a theory of causes which considers them as contemporaneous with their immediate effects avoids the difficulties arising from the theory of antecedent causation. There is also an examination by Mr. G. W. Scott Blair of methods of classifying data for systems which do not show invariant physical properties. The lengthy reviews are, as usual, concerned with important scientific and philosophical books.

The British Journal for the Philosophy of Science is an extremely valuable quarterly devoting considerable space not only to the problems of the specialist, but also to the broader aspects of science that appeal to the general reader.

EIDOS. A Journal of Painting, Sculpture and Design. Number 1. May-June, 1950. 7s. 6d.

Eidos sets itself the high aim to take "without partiality and without prejudice . . . the whole world of painting, sculpture and design, ancient and modern, eastern and western, for its province and would seek in principle to serve them all."

In this first number, Mr. Miles Burkitt contributes an illustrated article on the differences in the Aurignacian and the Magdalenian cultures in the Old Stone Age. Professor Wittkower (in an abridged version of his inaugural lecture at London University) brilliantly summarizes the history of the liberal arts from Platonic and mediaeval disciplines, the Renaissance alliance between art and science, through the seventeenth century disintegration of the unity of the liberal arts, to a more complete rupture of their disciplines in the nineteenth century. Considering the relation between the fine and liberal arts, he argues that they "must once again become an integrated whole." Mr. Herbert Read in his essay 'Realism and Abstraction in Modern Art' examines the work of Henry Moore, Ben Nicholson and Barbara Hepworth, all of whom have had alternate phases of abstraction and realism; and suggests that: "The consciousness of the artist alternates between the two poles of this tension . . . (and) it seems reasonable to suppose that a better balance, if only in the mental personality of the artist, will be achieved by the open expression of both polar extremes of tension." Mr. Hamid Said, the leader of a group of Egyptian artists, briefly but notably outlines his aesthetic theory; and Miss Mollie Harrison writes on Museums and Visual education. The many fine plates include reproductions of landscapes by Constable shown at the Biennial International Art Exhibition in Venice, June to October, 1950.

MEANJIN. Volume Nine, Number One. Autumn, 1950.

In the Autumn number of *Meanjin*—which has now been published for ten years—Mr. Arthur Phillips criticizes discerningly Mr. Tyrone Guthrie's report on the Australian theatrical situation, and especially the dangers of the proposed "tutelary period in London for our National Players"; and Miss D. Cusack, considering the London theatre, writes: "The London stage seems to be given up to the actor and the producer and therein lies sterility—the one is too apt to look only for parts and the other for spectacle." Professor Sutherland makes practical suggestions to encourage American interest in Australian literature; and Miss Kathleen Raine discusses the precarious financial state of poets and the difficulty they have to find a reasonable form of livelihood. There is an interesting report of a meeting of the International Theatre Institute; and a brief study of Paul Valéry by Mr. A. R. Chisholm. In addition, there are short stories, verse, lively art criticism, book reviews and other features.

REVIEW FIFTY. A Quarterly Synthesis of Poetry and Prose. Winter 1950. 1/6.

Review Fifty is a new little magazine that hopes to publish distinctive work by writers in the United Kingdom and Europe. In this first issue there are poems by Vernon Watkins, R. L. Cook, Lionel Monteith and others, a sketch based on Dostoevsky's character Raskolnikoff, in *Crime and Punishment*, and two allegories by Anthony Garwood and Edmund Cooper. The whole suggests an agreeable

small anthology rather than a review, but doubtless succeeding numbers will clarify intentions that so far are vaguely referred to as "the ideal of presenting good writing in a good way."

ICARUS. Vol. 1, No. 3. One Shilling.

Icarus, the literary magazine produced by students of the University of Dublin, contains promising work. In this number there are several sketches and poems, an excellent essay on Shaw by Victor Hamilton and an article on Dublin street ballads by Douglas Trotter. If, as one would expect, the contents are derivative in manner, there is ample evidence of a serious study of the craft of writing.

THE WHOLE STORY OF THE X. Y. Z. By Brinsley MacNamara. H. R. Carter Publications Ltd. Price 6/-.

Here we have Mr. MacNamara at his lightest and brightest. The humour, which he has called upon from time to time out of his repertoire of emotions to make Abbey Theatre comedies that cannot be revived too often, is now employed in a long short-story of Dublin life. If you are told that the letters X. Y. Z. stand for the Xanadu Young Zozimus Society and that it was called by its initials for the same reason as A. B. C.s and D. B .C.s were preferred as titles of tea-shops to their full names, you may get some idea of the domain in which this tale moves. "The World", says one of the characters, "would scarcely have heard of Trinity College Dublin, if it hadn't become known as T. C. D. There is a vein of imaginative creation in the character of the Irish which the author has exploited in the central figure of his story against the background of the Dublin of some thirty-five years ago. He has caught the atmosphere of the period and a lot of its fun.

MEMORIES AND PORTRAITS. By Ivan Bunin. John Lehmann. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Ivan Bunin has been described as one of the most intransigent of the anti-Bolsheviks; and in the present volume the descriptions of Gorki and Alexey Tolstoy and criticism of the futurist poets have an acidity due partly to political convictions, but also to a clarity of thought and a fastidiousness that dislike the excesses of the Russian temperament. In the chapter on Chaliapin, despite admiration of the voice and vitality of the singer, there is already a faint distaste that burns up maliciously when he writes of Gorki and 'The Third Tolstoy'; but the malice is directed at the opportunism, theatricality and vanity that he noted inexorably.

The passion for painting that, as Mr. Bunin himself observes, marks his literary work is obvious in his portrait of Gorki:

" But he was not particularly big and hefty—he was just a tall, round-backed, ginger-haired factory worker with small greenish eyes, a quick and shifty look, wide nostrils in a saddle-shaped nose, freckles, and a long moustache like a walrus's, which he kept smoothing down: he would cough, spit on his fingers a little and then stroke the moustache. . . . He walked lightly, toes first, with a certain slinking grace, typical, if I may say so,

of thieves: I have often seen that kind of walk in the port of Odessa. He had large, gentle hands, like a priest. . . ." or in his description of Leo Tolstoy:

"With a quick, slightly bobbing gait he came up close to me, stretched out, or, more precisely, threw out, a large hand, palm upwards, enveloping mine, softly pressed it, and suddenly smiled. The smile was enchanting, tender and at the same time somewhat sorrowful, almost pathetic, and I saw now that the small eyes were neither frightening nor sharp but just alert, like an animal's. . . ."

Chekhov's irony, integrity and achievement as an artist were intensely appreciated by Mr. Bunin, who, with great skill, suggests much of his complexity and reticence in the account of their friendship. His charm, loneliness, disillusionment and passionate devotion to his art emerge as vividly as does Mr. Bunin's grief when he read of his death.

"It was a sultry, sleepy day, as they occur in the steppes, with a dimly glimmering sky and a hot wind. I sat down on the doorstep of the blacksmith's cottage, opened a newspaper—and suddenly an icy razor slashed my heart. . . ."

It is unfortunate that the translation is sometimes clumsy, for these recollections of several literary contemporaries by a very distinguished Russian writer have considerable interest.

ENGLISH STORIES FROM NEW WRITINGS. Edited by John Lehmann. John Lehmann. 10s. 6d.

In a small but valuable book, published in 1940, that reviewed the achievements of modern writers in Europe, Mr. John Lehmann noted "the growth, during the early nineteen-thirties, of a group of poets and prose-writers who were conscious of great social, political and moral changes going on around them, and who became increasingly convinced that it was their business to communicate their vision of this process, not merely to the so-called highbrow intellectual public to which their predecessors had addressed themselves, but to the widest possible circles of ordinary people engaged in the daily struggle for existence." The stories chosen for this volume from the outstanding work Mr. Lehmann published in *New Writing* between 1936 and 1948 prove, in the main, his contention. Consciousness of a common experience of anguish, uncertainty and conflict that transcends social barriers, a lucid portrayal of the surface and comprehension of the undercurrents of the human situation bring subtlety and strength to the greater part of this work. To mention the fine economy and sense of frustration that give intensity to Mr. Christopher Isherwood's 'The Nowaks', George Orwell's vivid sketch, 'Shooting an Elephant', the psychological insight and humanity of Mr. V. S. Pritchett's portrait of a sailor, Denton Welch's 'The Judas Tree', so characteristic of his work, the delightful stories by Miss Rosamond Lehmann and Miss Julia Strachey, the delicacy of Anthony Thorne's 'A Dark Red Chrysanthemum' is to suggest the variety of a book that also includes stories by Alun Lewis, Mr. Graham Greene, Mr. Henry Green, Mr. Jocelyn Brooke, Mr. William Sansom and Mr. Alec Guinness. It says much for the standards of the sadly-regretted *New Writing* that, with few exceptions, these twenty-four contributions are distinguishing examples of the short story in English.